

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XVI.]

OCTOBER, 1908.

[No. 4.

PLEASURE AS THE HIGHEST GOOD

*Immagini di ben seguendo false
Che nulla promission rendono intera.*

[Pursuing the false images of the good
That never any promises fulfil.]

—Dante, *Purg. Can. XXX, 131, 132.*

Man is moral only as he is supernatural. Whenever he is natural, he is unmoral or immoral. The tiger is natural, and incurs no blame for man-slaughter. But man, however tigerish by nature, may not kill his fellows, because above the brute in him, above the entire world of appetite and impulse, he has a higher and ideal self which was born to command it. Nature is the realm of force. Every product of Nature is held in the grip of causation. No effect can choose whether it will follow its cause, nor is a mere cause ever responsible for its effects. As a link of an endless chain, man can have no moral being. He can have no rights, because right cannot exist where there is no responsibility; and with the sentiment of right, his manners, customs, laws, and whole personality, would vanish. Nor would there be any virtue in that love of truth so much lauded by those whose theories would degrade his manhood beneath the possibility of virtue. When good no longer exists, it is no longer good to love the truth, not even that unknowable truth which agnostic science sets up as worthy of the mind's own martyrdom. For were the Absolute indeed unknowable—so unknowable that knowledge could not swear it to be other than

a devil—devotion to such a possible devil could scarcely be preached as a scientific duty. Again, if the end of man's search for knowledge were oblivion which should swallow up thought as well as life, even the thought of the possible truth, which it might possibly be good to believe, why should man care to herald his discovery of this utter oblivion of himself and all his discoveries? All truth, let it be remembered, is truth of thought, and cannot exist apart from the mind that thinks it. Mind is the essence of man. Whatever degrades man, degrades mind and the truth of mind. Make man the product of Nature and his thoughts are all fated, whether true or false, and hence equally true to the Nature that fates them; but when falsehood is true, truth is false, and falsest of all the truth which is most universal, namely, that there is any such necessity as Nature to fate either truth or falsehood.

Thus the natural man has no æsthetics, no ethics, no politics, no science whatever. Nevertheless the theorists who consider him only a phenomenon, imagine that somehow his thought may have an epiphenomenal truth whereby to criticise his conduct and give it aims other than it might follow if the criticism were unknown.

Of course such aims cannot be genuine aims. Phenomena do not purpose. They have no motions much less motives of their own. To rebuke or exhort them were as mad as Lear's ravings at a thunder storm. As well bid crooked lightning go straight as a perverse human phenomenon do right. Still the human phenomenon has its illusion of right, and its critics must address it in its own terms, though it and they, illusion and criticism, be but redistributions of matter and motion which might have curled up into a cloud or blazed forth in a thunder-bolt, had they not been swirled into the shapes of men. And the one work which sense-science has to do is to translate this lingo of illusory aims as nearly as possible into the speech of causation. For with it causation alone is explanation; and the first principle of causation is inertia, or, in other words, that everything that moves is moved by something else which is just as incapable of self-motion. Consequently, in order to find the nature of a thing, you must always look outside it or where the thing is not

— look at unchemical atoms for the nature of chemical combination, at unvital chemistry for the nature of life, at sensation for the nature of knowledge, at the ape for the nature of man. Truth always lies behind, and therefore can never become *at*.

Now, morality contradicts this whole method. It denies the inertia of the will. It insists on some kind of self-motion. It estimates acts by inward intentions. In so far as it tries to explain conduct it seeks causes in the future, where physical causes do not lie—the future which is the realm of physical nonentity. It gives that realm greater validity than it allows to the present or the past, to mass or motion. Its sovereign word is Ought, and in the name of that word it issues laws that claim a more imperative authority than Nature's, which they would override.

Either the backward explanation of the universe by causes must give way, and Science change its methods, or morality must be discrowned of its Ought, and this discrowning will take place only when the power of aims or ends is broken. If life as a whole has no end that commands the service of all its deeds, the good life is impossible. To ask why man should be good, implies that there is some end beyond life's end, which life's end itself must serve as a means—a procedure which would turn all ends to means, and leave no ultimate end whatever. Such a life might be according to Nature, where the relativity of things makes everything a means to everything else, and the very best possible means to the particular effect which it causes; but, where all means are equally the best for some end, and there is no coronal end to measure the worth of lower ends, there can be no distinctive goodness either of ends or means, and virtue is good for man in the same sense and degree that makes guano good for the soil.

The smart Yankee who said that the time had come when men must not only be good, but good for something, did not dream that his smartness denied the possibility of moral goodness. Goodness that is not good in and for itself has no ethical import. As soon as it is made a means to some ulterior end it loses with its supreme rank, its entire moral worth. Virtue is vice when it is virtue for pay. Bribery corrupts private conscience as well as public office, and is none the less corrupting

when offered in sums of pleasure rather than in coin to buy pleasure with. Nevertheless the effort to naturalize morality would degrade it to just such venal use. Pleasure alone would be life's end. "The good," says Herbert Spencer, "is universally the pleasurable." "Acts are good or bad according as their aggregate effects increase man's happiness or misery." "The final justification for maintaining life can only be the reception from it of a surplus of pleasurable *feeling*." "No school can avoid taking for the ultimate moral aim, a desirable *feeling*, called by whatever name, gratification, enjoyment, happiness." "We are told that not happiness but blessedness must be the end. The implication is that blessedness is not a kind of happiness; and this implication at once suggests the question — what mode of feeling is it?"

Exactly. If the good be only a means, the end should not be scandalized by a name that has any taint of its servility. Even *summum bonum* were but a boorish phrase for *summa voluptas*. The symbol has been mistaken for the substance, as the miser mistakes money, a mere counter, for the comfort it represents. Nobody would esteem virtue, if virtue always gave pain, or shun vice, if vice always brought pleasure. In such a case, evil would have to be called good, and good evil.

"Suppose"—the synthetic philosopher goes on briskly, and, as it were, with a wink at having set a trap for the thought that else might lead him too long a chase—"Suppose that picking a man's pocket excited in him joyful emotions by brightening his prospects, would theft be counted among crimes?" No; because, as the synthetic philosopher forgets to say—there would be no theft when the man's sense of joy in feeling his pocket picked, laughed out his consent to the play. The argument might have had a neater apologue in saving a man's life by cutting off his leg without his consent, or in the refusal to pay a debt because the creditor was a sot and sure to get drunk on the payment and wind up his spree with delirium tremens.

The logical spring-trap does not snap. Its syllogism is too loose. The species is not equal to the genus. The fact that every butterfly is a bug, does not prove every bug a butterfly. Man cannot exist without bowels, but the bowels are not neces-

sarily and altogether the man. The good might always be pleasant, and yet the pleasant not always good. Inseparable as virtue may be from happiness-producing conduct, their inseparability is not identity.

Moreover, the *summa voluptas*, whether called gratification, enjoyment, happiness, or even blessedness, is—and you must not fail to note the emphasis—is a *Feeling*. In the psychologic scale Feeling lies at the bottom of Mind. As distinct from Reason and Will, which man alone consciously possesses, it is his animal trait. Among the senses, which rise according to their need of Reason and Will to co-ordinate their impressions, it corresponds to touch. Touch is the generic sense, and its pleasures may be regarded as tickles—tickles of the eye, the nose, the palate, the outer skin, bringing sensibility into play with the entire cosmos whose simple game of atomic tag runs in and out and round through all the forms of force, energy, life, thought, character.

So Faust argued when he would seduce Margaret from her pseudo-idea of virtue by an appeal to God as infinite Feeling—just such Feeling as he, Faust, then felt for her, as though the All or Pan had the infinitized body of a goat. "Call it Bliss, Heart, Love, God! I have no name to give it. Feeling is all in all."

And there are strict moralists who maintain that the knowledge of right and wrong is immediate and by a sort of sixth sense. And theologians, not a few, boast that religion is safe against all attacks of reason because its God is felt rather than known—a creed that could not more fitly chant its worship than in the negro minstrel's refrain "I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star."

Such moralists and theologians may deny that they mean by Feeling any mode of touch, but they must be held to its distinction from Reason and Will in order that they may not let in by a window the very faculties they pretend to shut out at the door, and employ under the name of Feeling an entire intellect to think and act as it pleases with no law but Feeling's animal law of pleasure. For what pleases Reason as Reason must be rational. To man as a rational being, acquisition of property

is pleasant in that it brings him a certain independence of Nature; philanthropy pleasant in that it multiplies his life by the life of every other man he lives in as in another self; philosophy pleasant because it transforms a seemingly alien world into the image of his thought; and pleasantest of all the religion which would make his manhood divine and give it absolute worth. But the method runs upward and explains the lower by the higher in a most unfeeling way—sense by thought, instead of thought by sense; force by will, instead of will by force, until Nature is wholly lost in God.

When Tyndall wanted to find out whether death could beget life he spared no pains to prevent the entrance of life into the organic infusions under test. He filtered them and then boiled them in flasks which were hermetically sealed at boiling heat. These flasks he took to a lofty glacier of the Alps, where the atmosphere was free from organic dust, and there, holding them over the edge of a precipice and towards the wind lest any germs should fall in from his clothing, he snipped off their sealed ends with plyers purified by fresh plunges into the flame of a spirit lamp. Not unless after such care they had been found muddy with spores of putrescence, would he have been justified in believing that the spores were spontaneously generated. Science must be equally careful in testing the generation of morality from feeling, and bottle its pleasures in tight definitions, lest the morality which they are supposed to generate, fall into them from an atmosphere already full of moral ideas.

Feelings, as science understands them, are not primarily ideas. Their pleasures belong to sensation. Sensations tell no story of an outer and objective world. If caused by such a world, they have no knowledge of their cause. Causality is a relation, and relations are not things to be touched, but exist only in comparison, which is a mode of thought. Feelings would have to think in order to tell whence they came, and then could not avoid confusion in their story unless they knew themselves as distinct from the world of their telling. But such knowledge were self-consciousness. To know at all, therefore, sensations would need to be self-conscious minds. They can displace the one mind that was supposed to inform them with

its own ideas only by an endless swarm of minds which are each its counterfeit, and do but endlessly multiply instead of clearing up its single mystery.

Strictly defined, however, from the thought which they are to generate, sensations or feelings have no validity, no generic type, no complexity less or greater, no faculty for forming groups, clusters, clusters of clusters, or other geometric patterns of truth, right, duty, conscience. The odor of new mown hay cannot smell the blue of the sky, nor the sky behold the sound of wind in the tree tops, nor the wind's sound hear the shimmer of dew drops on blades of grass, nor all together, odors, visions, sounds, mix themselves up and enjoy their mixture as the beauty of a summer day.

Feelings are only what they are felt to be. They last as long as they are felt, and not a moment longer. They cannot compare themselves, one with another, and arrange a scale of degrees. They have no less or more, no amount, no aggregate, no surplus, no quality whatever. So with their pleasures. Things to be added, must co-exist. I can only have a dozen peanuts by having them all at once. But life's pleasures are not had all at once. Those which were, are not now; those which are now, will not be an hour hence. Gone, they can never be brought back. When I try to recall them, I find that the pleasures of recollection, if pleasure it can be called, is different from the pleasures recollected. The pleasures recollected are the thought of past feelings; the pleasure of recollection is the feeling of a present thought which will soon pass away, and when recollected, be again the thought of a past feeling. So feeling passes into thought, and thought gives rise to feeling, and every pleasure goes while it comes.

The greatest amount of sense-happiness that life may contain, is just one momentary gratification—one, and one, and one, in the end as in the beginning, only one. The gusto of a banquet is in each mouth only one. To-day's hunger cannot be fed with last week's dinners. The sprees of other years cannot intoxicate the senses that would have a "high old time" to-night. Indeed, pleasure could not be pleasure if it did not leave behind it this dryness of throat and need of new stimulants.

As desire fills up, pleasure faints; when desire is full, pleasure turns to satiety; and satiety, when prolonged, becomes ennui. Hence Goethe calls it food which does not feed — "broth for beggars," leaving them, as it does, a more wretched sense of beggary. Not because life lacks pleasures does the pessimist complain of its misery, but because no number of pleasures can make life pleasant. As Schopenhauer says: "If all our pains and wants were banished to hell, we should have nothing left for Heaven but eternal weariness."

To decide whether life has a surplus of pleasure and of pain to make it good rather than evil, its books would have to be balanced at life's end. Not until then could a complete account be taken; and, then, aside from the fact that death is a poor accountant, the knowledge of the profits would come too late for use or enjoyment. And if life cannot wait for death to sum up its happiness, but must be reckoned as good or bad according to the surplus which every man has on either side up to the present hour, then all lives, the vilest and the purest, are equally good, since, up to the present hour, every man has had all the happiness it was possible for him to have, inasmuch as every man, according to the ethics of Feeling, has always done as he pleased, with no motive for conduct, save the prospect of pleasure, and no means of knowing future pleasure except by its prospect. Having done as he pleased, he has always done his best—has lived up to his ideals, or, what amounts to the same, down to his impulses, and must be esteemed, therefore, ethically perfect, whether a saint or a brigand, Caligula or Christ.

Pleasure cannot be quantified; nor can even its momentary units be taken with any confidence of uniform value. They reflect the color of the man's moods, which may change within an hour, the interval of dinner being enough to change relish into satiety and disgust. They are modified by the state of his health, and have no merriment that ague cannot hush; no sunniness that jaundice cannot eclipse at noon-day. They are the sport of the atmosphere, which by turns dampens, freezes, and burns them; which blows them about at its whim, and has only to shift the wind a little to blight an Indian summer of sensuous content. The sting of a casual bee may destroy them. A fly's

foot may vex them away. Their units are now a plus, and now a minus; the plus turning into minus, and the minus into plus, under the eye that would fain count them as elements of a possible appraisalment. They can never be added into a sum, or joined into a career, or capitalized into a character.

Evidently such uncertain elements in one's own sensibility cannot be carried over into the sensibility of another for adding life to life, and reckoning with the utilitarian "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." With men most alike, there still would be differences of temperament, habit, association, to increase the variability of each man's inconstant values. Among bestial men some have more than an average beast in their greed; among men æsthetic there are various shades and nuances of delicacy in their appreciation. Some pleasures are artificial, like the use of narcotics; some are conventional, like those of fashion; some are accidents, as when a pressed leaf, seen in the chance opening of a book, brings back to memory a happy troth-plight from autumn woods of yore. How can you weigh, lick, smell, and uniformly sample all their differences like so much molasses, or sour-kraut, or plug-tobacco.

Besides, no man by Feeling can get out of his own pleasures to feel another man's, and tell whether they are like or unlike his own in degree or kind. The dying Herder prayed to be quickened with a great truth; the mouth of a cannibal chief waters at the savory smell of a barbecued enemy. Each knows only his own relish—Herder the joy of truth, the cannibal chief the toothsomness of a human joint. They cannot swap sensibilities, and feel each for the other and for himself at the same time. Reason might decide between them, if allowed to grade pleasures by some less private and transient criterion, but unluckily they have no such criterion, not even a common sauce or catsup. Moreover, the appeal to Reason would at once set Reason and its standard above Feeling and abdicate the claim of pleasure to supremacy as the highest good and life's true end. To insist that Reason, while acting as umpire, should forget its own part, and choose by the nature of Feeling as distinct from Reason, that is, as irrational, would be to dictate its judgment beforehand

and constrain it to a scientific and downward choice, the choice of a cannibal's jaws.

So thought Doctor Faust. Faust, you remember, had studied jurisprudence and all the sciences, and learned that in and by them, absolute truth, truth which is really true, could not be known. Scientific man that he was, he inferred that what could not be known by such sciences, could not be known at all. Knowledge was phenomenal. Truth did not exist, nor reason as the intelligence of truth. Realities were but appearances, and appearances but phantasmal reflexes of sensation. And since sensations made the substance of truth, there could be no gauge of true conduct except in the intensity of sensation. The less reason, the more right. Right was essentially irrational; its organ was not the brain, but lay somewhere in the vicinity of the midriff. Auerbach's cellar was its proper school. There life's motives might be estimated by their smack; conduct chosen like wine, rhenish, champagne or tokay; the hedonistic calculus thoroughly learned. What the sober intellect could never cipher out, the befuddled intellect might tell without premeditation. The sober intellect would not dare guess that one man was twice as happy as another, any more than that a picture was twice as pretty as a bust, and half as sweet as a carol; but when the Reason knows nothing else, then it most surely knows a sot to be as happy as a hundred cannibals, and a hundred cannibals as happy as five hundred hogs, and five hundred hogs no happier, when they are human and their swill has done its work, than the legendary rat who sought pleasure as life's end, and found it a poison burning his entrails with thirst until all his sleek and happy fat proved the bloat of death.

He ran round, and out he ran,
And looking for a cure, he
Drank at each puddle, gnawed and scratched,
And raved in perfect fury.

Deluded rat of visceral morality!

Surely such feelings, for all their calculus, feelings that cancel their pleasure in vain attempts at addition that never reach one man's sum of happiness, can never add themselves to the greatest happiness of the greatest number of men. And even could

they make that amount, they could not turn it into an obligation to sacrifice for it the particular pleasures that go to make it. As each man feels no pleasure but his own, his opinion of the pleasure of others is a doubtful imputation to them of his own private desires. Why should he submit his own gratification, which he knows, for the gratification of others which he does not, and cannot, know to be greater?

The only motive that can be urged for such submission is pleasure; and, as pleasure is the only right, an unpleasant submission would be wrong. Self-sacrifice, just because it is sacrifice, or an act of pain, must be bad. I must, therefore I ought to do, under all circumstances, as I please. If I please to kill a dozen or so of my fellow citizens and risk my neck for this rare pleasure against the pleasure the community will take in hanging me, my sport is quite as proper, quite as good, or, in other words, quite as sportive as the sport of my possible executioners. The whole performance will be a circus in which every actor acts for fun. None does what is contrary to his desire. Nothing is, or can be desired, but pleasure. Between pleasures there is no such distinction as the imaginary and the real. An imagination, felt to be most pleasant, is the most pleasant. Nor is there any difference between a near and distant good, when the distant good means an imagined pleasure; for, as imagined, every pleasure is near and close and present enough to be felt. Consequently my only good is the good I desire this moment—my momentary whim or passion. All talk about a permanent good, a general good, a good of the greatest number, is a clack of syllables. I am, what I am, by moments. I have a mere momentary self. Obligation towards the future is as foolish as penitence for the past. At every moment, I am during that moment, as perfect as a god. If I were better than I am, I should not be I, but another and different self, whose conduct or name I could not know. No wonder that sage Bentham declared that world Ought "The talisman of arrogance, indolence and ignorance," "an authoritative imposture."

Nevertheless the imposture exists and has authority. It governs the social world. By its laws all other laws have been ordained; with its strength armies go to battle; in its name kings

reign; to carve its statues, paint its portraits, build its temples, sing its anthems, has been the main employment of Art; while History has filled her every page with the story of its heroisms. How did the illusion win such empire over reality? How did the shadow snatch the sceptre from Truth's hand, and wield it with such wondrous and world-creative might? Not by incoherent momentary feelings. Not by pets and whims. Not by fissiparous selfhood that broke like a jointed snake at every stroke of a sensation. Such absurdities cannot co-operate. Individualistic co-operation implies, in its very first stages, honor, fidelity, obligation for the offer and acceptance of its mutual trust. Without these no man could have got a comrade. The first distant call to an enemy, with a view to closer talk concerning the benefits of an alliance, would have implied all social virtues. Speech itself implied them. Not a world was ever uttered that did not expect some degree of belief, and acknowledge so far the believer's right to fair dealing.

Gregarious instinct might explain the herding of men, but unless this distinct grew out of habit, which in return would require acts of impossible motive, it would be social from the start; and man, primarily social, would be a very different creature from man primarily individual. His social would be more real than his individual self. His individual rights would proceed from his social duties. He would be born under law. Obedience, the sacrifice of his own pleasure to the pleasure of others, the pain of self-restraint, whenever his individual desire ran against custom, would form the pith and marrow of his character. Hence, according to the Pleasure theory, his gregarious state must be intermediate between animal and ethical individualism. The tribe must have grown from the strength of some savage, who spared the lives of his captives on their promise of obedience, such promise having the least possible ethical worth because kept through fear. And when the strong savage, who thus became a chief, died, his ghost would still haunt the dreams of his tribesmen. He would appear to them still alive and mighty and terrible; and if any scapegrace among them disobeyed their memory of his will, he would be punished just as the chief would have pun-

ished him, lest the whole tribe should fall under the ire of its ghostly despot.

So, perhaps, arose government, religion, and all the virtues which tyranny has developed from cowardice.

As for sympathy, which prompts people to act together, weeping each when others weep, and yawning when others yawn, it was quite as apt to hate others for causing it pains, as to love them for the pains they suffered. In its earliest stages, savage and animal, it kills off the weak and troublesome, more often than it helps them. Gregarious rooks and wolves attack their aged and infirm companions, and the Fijian still slays and eats the grandfather, whose longer life would lengthen the pain of pity. Love, the bridegroom's love of the bride, where man is nearest nature, woos with a club. Even in civilized lands, when man is rendered instinctive or savage by drunkenness, he is maddened by sights that cry for succor, beats his children because they starve, and his wife when she pleads for them with tears. The Coliseum tells how the heart of old Rome delighted in suffering and cried for the death of the wounded and fallen. *Vae Victis!* Cruelty grows by what it feeds on. Envy of pleasure is as common as pity for pain. If pleasure be the highest good, why should these ancient and primitive habits cease? Why should not the aged and infirm be killed off yet, that the nursing of them may no longer excite sympathetic heartache?

Force and fear would remain as the two constant elements of civilization, whereby savage cunning and cruelty grow to frankness and brotherly love, and that sublime sense of duty which great souls like Kant and Wordsworth worship as an aspect of God. Such worship, however, is but a cringe, a cringe in the nerves after suppliant knees have learned to stand straight, a cringe in the brain after the nerves have learned to keep serene. For, the acquired habits of one generation, we are told, may become inborn tendencies in the next; and such inborn tendencies may get, by and by, the drive of instincts; and parents duly impressed by tribal terrors may, by boxing the ears of their off-spring for untribal deeds, set the nerves of savagery to shudders, which in course of time may become chronic, and go on

shuddering long after the ear-cuffs have been forgotten. By taking ipecac in jam a child may learn to loathe the sweatmeat, and retain the loathing when he has forgotten the emetic; so conscience may be the forgotten ipecac of the race's jam. Forgetfulness did it all. Forgetfulness transformed acts which had no intrinsic connection with their consequences, and whose penalties were arbitrary, into acts whose sanctions appear intrinsic and eternal. And now, at last, society is clearly organic. It lives one life. It has animated its individual members with its own communicative instinct. It has differentiated its tribal protoplasm into a complex system of railway arteries and telegraph nerves. And yet, according to Pleasurism, this complex system in its relation to paramount individual wills, remains as simple as a jelly-fish, which has neither nerves nor arteries, much less the wings and head of a spread-eagle, but is all skin and at the same time all stomach, turning itself inside out to touch what it may digest, and outside in to digest whatever touches, while every part of the membrane is as entirely skin and stomach as the whole, and when broken off, lives the life of a complete, independent jelly-fish. Moreover it is only this individual part that feels. The social organism has no sensorium. It knows no pleasure and therefore no good. It cannot be wronged because it cannot be pained.

"Why then," the individual part may well exclaim, "should I benefit the general jelly to my own hurt? If there be an organized experience within me that so prompts, I do not feel it. Rascals live—I am one of them by nature—the very same nature that organized the patriot to stick to his nation. Perhaps it might be my duty to feel as he does if there were any such thing as duty; perhaps I should feel as he does if I were at his precise degree of development; but I cannot be any less or more developed than I am in the process which has brought us both to our present diverse likings. Nor do I care to aid the process of evolution by so-called virtues which would be foolish in imagining that they can either aid or hinder an evolution that has evolved my way as well as theirs. Evolution has evolved me just as I am. My deeds are its deeds, and redistribute its matter and motion according to its own laws. Low orders as well as high

have survived. If man's survival justifies his conduct, the conduct of the cholera bacillus has the same justification. The cholera bacillus certainly survives, and consequently has every right to eat man that man has to eat shrimps.

Nay, my discontent with social law may prove me a specimen of the higher rather than of the lower and more stolidly submissive order, especially since the social jelly is but an aggregate of individual jellies for whose delectation it exists, instead of their existing to make its glue. Death has its worshippers, as well as life. Leopardi and Alfred de Musset sang its praise with poetic ardor. Its wisdom has been argued with subtle logic in the most popular of German contemporary philosophies. John Stuart Mill was applauded by all evolutionary religion for his protest that he would go to hell sooner than adapt his life to the environment of heaven under an arbitrary God. If adaptation to social environment for the sake of the happiness of surviving be man's first law, every traveler should be a Thug when among Thugs, with the same sense of propriety that frequents the Jardin Mabille in Paris and recites the Litany in England. I do but follow the traveler's example, and make it more logical by staying at home and adopting all their fashions at once, or caring for none of them in my disregard of life. With Gautama I worship death; with his modern and more scientific disciple, Von Hartmann, I beatify suicide.

To correct such incoherent and globular tendencies in the Social Mush, the conception of a social organism may take a more cranial form, insisting on the right of the whole to rule the parts as belonging to it, and having no life when cut off from it, as a hand from the arm, or a nose from the face. Society, which gives its citizens their fashions, must live though they perish. Nay, by their slaughter its life may be preserved as in time of war. At no time are they more than corpuscles, whose swift death and birth are the normal waste and repair of its good health. Not their pleasure, but its pleasure, is the true end of life. Still the law is pleasure; the social organism feels. It has one body like an individual's, but larger, keeping, however, in its largeness every individualistic trait. Like the individual, its unity may be called a self, but the self will have as little

freedom or responsibility. It too belongs to Nature. It is wholly under Nature's laws and forces. Its principles are entirely ganglionic. With it, as with the individual body, sense is primordial, and pleasure prevails over all other aims, pleasure whose reign everywhere is caprice.

Such an organism — the State, for example — knows no laws above its own will. It binds, but is not bound. It does as it lists, and its listing is proved right by succeeding and by enabling its elect citizens to succeed. Virtue and vice being alike fictitious, the State may make criminal whatever it dislikes. The dislike of an act constitutes it a nuisance, and nuisances should be abated. The quickest mode of abatement is prevention, which need not be annoyed by the nice questions of justice that embarrass penal law. Nature selects by destroying every thing that does not survive, and simply leaving what is not destroyed, as fittest for survival. In a word, she *eliminates*. The State too may eliminate. Weed out, kill out, every sort of unfitness before it can be hatched, or brought to seed! Charity, then, will give place to unrelentingness. Why attempt to reform creatures who may die before their bad habits are half cured? Why lose happiness in sympathizing with misery that cannot be trained to hygienic habits? Prisons and asylums are costly, and instead of accomplishing their desires, foster the nuisances they are founded to suppress. Pauperism outbreeds wealth and culture, and spreads its bane under the eyes of civilization, which abets the spread by false notions of justice and mercy. Chloroform is cheaper, surer, kinder than alms-houses. Chloroform crime in the cradle, aye in the womb! Chloroform vagrancy, before it begins to knot and gender! As there have been Ages of Stone and Iron and Steel, so let there be an Age of Chloroform, ending not only distress but evil. It will relieve the strong of the task of nursing the incurable, and, thus, free energies for progress that are now handicapped with anxiety. It will prevent the lingerings of slow disease which often prove as troublesome as crime and may even commit the crime of breeding their own misery and poisoning more and more the blood of the race. The vigor of middle age need never grow decrepit or even old enough to weigh as a burden on its

offspring. The deaf, the blind, the dumb, the insane, every kind of deformity that pains sight, may be thickly veiled with the flowers of the grave, where ugliness and beauty, pleasure and pain, virtue and vice, are one and the same rot. No melancholy Hamlet shall ever again call the world "an *unweeded* garden."

What elimination leaves undone, may be completed by stirpiculture, developing genius as it develops the tail of a pigeon, the udder of a cow, the nose of a hound. Meanwhile the Church, that grandam institution, which, with weak tea for blood in its veins, pities the wretched and would prevent their anæsthetic elimination, or any social betterment by stirp-law, might have its tiresome dronings about a fabulous heaven and a hell well hushed in its own crypts, and its tower-chimes set to celebrate the holidays of the new era, the Renaissance of blessed Baboonery, with mutual scratches for flea bites as the norm of all altruistic beatitude.

And the State, which has the might, and consequently the right, thus to improve mankind, is any bey, or shah, or sultan, or king who happens to wield it powers, or worse still any majority which, once in office, would justly, because naturally, use all its force to eliminate every party, person, idea, or sentiment that menaced its overthrow, or lessened its chance for everlasting survival. Free thought? There would be none. Thought can only ask freedom when it is vainly conceived that thought may indeed be free. This conceit exploded, there can be no intolerance in suppressing the mad claim to an impossibility. And as for rights, when might makes right, no right can be suppressed. The fact that it can be suppressed proves that it has not might enough to be right. A slave is no more wronged because he is not free, than a dog is wronged because he cannot walk on his hind legs and carry a gun and shoot quail, like his master.

The only question is whether thought shall be constrained by Nature in the State, or Nature outside of the State. Nature outside of the State does not excuse errors of judgment. If a man honestly thinks, while up in a balloon, that he can stick a pin hole through its canvas, the diminutive error will break his neck as

summarily as if that neck had been stretched on a gibbet for murder most foul. Fools may do as much natural harm as knaves. Nature outside of the State would be esteemed benign if she prevented their fatal liberty of judgment. Why is she not equally benign when preventing it by civic decree, allowing no books, newspapers, or speeches that mislead thought, to criticise the right of established might, which is bound by every natural law to survive if it can? Insane by its own confession were desire for freedom of thought to deny that thought is free.

No danger,—do you say?—since the social organism already indicates the direction of its development by society as it now exists, and existent morality would not be destroyed, but carried on to a higher degree, men no longer needing the idea of duty or obligation to command deeds which they would spontaneously do. The momentum of ages of moral habit would go on after moral illusions were withdrawn. Where habit failed, elimination and stirpiculture would come in as a method, but the method would still have the same end, which is now mistakenly called good instead of pleasant. The only danger is an interregnum—a period between the loss of potent illusions, and the gain of those super-moral spontaneities which will follow a scientific assurance that the right is always happy because happiness is always right. "Few things," Mr. Spencer himself says, "can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit before another and fitter regulative system has gone up to replace it." Hence the haste to replace it. But the haste works both ways, destroys while it builds, and has no guarantee that both processes will work so evenly that when one system is down the other will be up, and habit step from its old shelter into the new, without any collapse and crash overhead.

For Religion and Morality cannot be expected to go on as Religion and Morality a day after they are understood to have no sanction and to be but an ague of the brain contracted in the swamps of savagery or apedom. Their preliminary use, like that of the myth of Santa Claus, will, when known to be mythical, cease at once to awe or coax the will. Conscience will have little authority when in its voice is heard only the accent of

anthropoid apes. Public opinion will cry aloud in the streets with tones of complaint, not of command, when it echoes the far-away yelps of lemurian forests.

Just as the genesis of duty had to be forgotten in order that duty might seem moral, so morality itself must be forgotten with all its false distinctions before its habits will seem other than dutiful. And such forgetfulness can never be induced by discussion. Discussion, however, stupid, could never have drugged the sensibility of savages into the age-long slumber that has been dreaming until now of obligation and responsibility; nor can it prove that dreaming a dream, without reminding the wakened intelligence, of the dream's falsity compared with the primal truth of conduct that had no such nightmares. And with this apprehension of the difference between nightmares and truths the intelligence will be more apt to return to its old-time wide-awake impulses than to keep up the habits acquired during its period of moral drowse. Already ended for the intellect, the reign of duty cannot much longer govern the will. There was a time when duty was not; a time is coming when duty will not be; why should the time between, cling to a passing hallucination? Pleasure, whether sub-moral or super-moral, is nothing but pleasure, and as such, determined by caprice—let caprice have its way at once! Why should the present generation be sacrificed to the future, and not the future to the present? The present is, and feels, and can feel no pleasure but its own; the future is not, and cannot feel until it has become, and then it too will be the present with its own present pleasure. Should each generation lose its pleasure in sacrifice to the next, happiness, postponed forever, would be forever an unfulfilled prospect, a perpetual cheat. One dream has been broken—why dream again? The new dream is a mere ideal, and has less reality than the moral order that now exists however superstitious. It belongs to the uncausal future, not to the causal past. It contradicts Nature as the realm of antecedents rather than of aims. It can be brought about only by becoming the aim of those who believe in it, expound it, advocate it, and with a prophet's zeal herald its coming as Nature's own unattained perfection. As though Nature were to reach her perfection in man! As though

in rational man alone she could come to a true knowledge of herself! As though the more man developed his rational manhood, the more he would reveal of her inmost essence! As though the path of explanation were to run forwards and upwards! As though Science, and not Morality, were the dream!

Out upon the thought! It is high treason to truth. Interregnums are nonsense. The reign of appetite once in, will not give way to any super-moral era. Appetite began man's career, and appetite will end it. Appetite which craves the outward and contingent; appetite which takes away from all other mouths the pleasure its own would devour, and thus turns its very diet into discord; appetite which divides men, sets them against each other, "breeds mutinies in cities, treason in palaces;" appetite envious, rapacious, fierce, cruel; the demon of misrule. And since no two persons, however akin, agree in all their sensual wants, it is easy to foresee that were there no law but appetite, the closest fellowships would soon split, friends turn to enemies, brothers fall out, "the bond crack 'twixt son and father," and society writhe in a vast imbroglio of lust, and hate and revenge—brutal passions, each biting another, and afraid to withdraw its teeth from the wound, even when sated with blood, and itself bleeding to death. Shakespeare saw with those wiser than sybilline eyes of his, the ravin which Pleasurism will not see, perhaps until its shut eyelids are torn off by the wild beast it is uncaging in the heart of man—how when right and wrong lose their names

Everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, per force, a universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

A universal Nietzschean wolf, because with the wolf's appetite it has, in spite of all mere hedonistic theories, the mind that conceives an end and provides the means of getting it. And this mind gives pleasure its own form—a form, however, that has no adequate content of feeling. For no feeling and hence no pleasure, can be universal. The common wolf prowls when hungry, and

rests when fed; he hunts not for pleasure, but for food, which he incidentally finds pleasure in eating; but the man-wolf craves a permanent and generic glut, and the objects of his desire are only its objects as they serve this purely subjective and absurd end. In other words, his appetite is its own game, pursues itself and must in the end, "eat itself up." Such appetite is Lust, because "doubly seconded with will and power," and taking on their hugeness and pertinacity to become as unnatural as it is unspiritual, something monstrous which the mythopoeic popular conscience has painted aptly, with a man's head joined to the horns and tail of a beast—a beast-man constantly consumed by his own firebreath—a devil.

So it looked to Dr. Faust, who despised all popular superstition. When in despair of the good of reason, he resolved to live for pleasure, he had to suspect that style of life as less a man's than a dog's. The dog in it, however, did not look very wicked at first. Half asleep on a cushion behind a stove, he barked only now and then. But as Faust argued reason down into sense, manhood into bruteness, the very Logos or logic of the universe into force, and force into mere mindless deed or accident, which is Nature as Sensation knows it, the petted poodle grew to a hippopotamus with eyes of fire, and the hippopotamus expanded to an elephant, and the elephant took the features of Faust's own negative self, and showed what a devil man becomes when he turns away from Reason to seek good in Feeling—feeling which in being ethicized, does but trim its horns, and hide its tail under velvet breeches. That modern and most scientific devil is Mephistopheles, the impersonated quest of pleasure for pleasure's sake. Strange, that what Spencer calls highest good, Goethe should reckon lowest evil; that Spencer's perfect man, is Goethe's most suave and crafty fiend, and that the ethical culture affected by the Spencerian school, is the culture which, according to Goethe, begins in Auerbach's cellar and ends amid the damnations of Walpurgis Night—the Night when all lusts meet to celebrate their Sabbath as if by proclamation of some new reign that would hallow their grossest license. There they go, the witches and the souls they have bewitched! Their dance is a tempest of self-will, stripping

society of the arts that grow out of its reason, as forests out of mountain slopes; and shaking to their base its institutions, rocklike in their solidity. But society gone, lusts have lost their own great world, since there must be wealth for their plunder, commerce for their frauds, fashion to supply their worn out desire with fresh aphrodisiacs.

Every man for himself! But what if the man have no self? What if the same rule that atomizes society into individuals, also, sub-atomizes the individual into the sensations that compose him, and recognize no world, inner or outer, save their own storm of fleetingness, swift as the backward rush of trees and crags when the revel of lusts mounts its Brocken?

Thus the man without a self, without even a surreptitious mind that might shrewdly pander to his appetites and show them a forward way, thwarts his own desires, while destroying the society that breeds and feeds them. He has no law in his appetitive nature; he cannot order his impulses; his self-will is no will whatever, but a thing, a mere broomstick bearing him through night airs of fancy, a goat that hurries its rider into thickets of fact that tear him as he goes. And the light of his seeing, now that Reason's day has set, bewilders like the flicker of fire-flies crossing each other's flight in a maze of opposite courses, yet all swept alike by a common hedonistic propension towards the mountain's summit, where reigns the Devil under an aristocratic pseudonym which he wears to trick Feeling to a conceit of uppishness in the desires that seek him as their goal.

"Going to the devil"—all of them, their literature, their science, their art—so Goethe shouts in tones loud enough to be heard through their Walpurgis uproar; and gruff old Carlyle, Goethe's greatest disciple, takes up the shout, and prolongs it across half a century more of their manifest devilward tendency, swearing at last as with a death-bed protest against the noises of a Time that would drown his prophetic cry: "I will have none of this gorilla damnification of human nature."

ROBERT A. HOLLAND.

The University of the South.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, THE NEGROES AND THE NEGRO PROBLEM

If the question were asked, What were the views of Jefferson Davis concerning the negroes? many people would now as in 1861 unhesitatingly answer that he, like the most extreme of the slave-holders, looked upon the negro as nothing but a form of property somewhat more valuable than horseflesh, and that he considered the race hopelessly inferior and incapable of progress and therefore doomed to the permanent status of slavery. Some of his speeches in Congress would seem to commit him to this view. Yet such an impression would be almost wholly incorrect. His dealings with the race and his private utterances show that he regarded the negro as quite capable of reaching a higher civilization, that he believed slavery to be a more or less temporary status and that he was a most considerate master. In his opinion, slavery was not only a temporary solution of the labor problem in the newly settled South, but it was also a partial solution of what we now call the race problem—the problem of how to make two distinct races live together without friction. That the negro race was fundamentally inferior to the white was his firm conviction. That there was any moral wrong in holding slaves, he, in company with most of the slave-holders, would never admit. By him, as by most men of his class, then as now, slavery was considered a benefit to the negro and a recognition of that law of nature which subjected the weaker to the stronger for the good of both. Slavery took idle, unmoral, barbarous blacks and gradually rooted out their savage traits, giving to them instead the white man's superior civilization—his religion, his language, his customs, his industry. The negro was a child race and slavery was its training school. These convictions shaped his attitude toward the individuals of the race. And never were there more intimate friendships between whites and blacks than between Davis and his servants, as he always called his slaves.

Davis was always popular with young people, dependents and inferiors. When serving in the army among the Indians of the

West he was so well liked that in one tribe he was adopted and known as "The Little Chief." As Mrs. Davis said, "he never had with soldiers, children or negroes any difficulty to impress himself upon their hearts."¹ In his intercourse with them he always assumed that they were reasonable beings, able and willing to follow a proper line of conduct, and capable of understanding mistakes when pointed out to them. Blind obedience was never exacted. To children and to negroes he carefully explained the reasons for doing or not doing a thing and was not satisfied until the understanding was complete. Like his oldest brother, Joseph, he was so careful to regard the rights of the weak that others found it difficult to keep order with his children and servants.² From him the black skin never hid the man or woman. He was as polite to a negro as to a white person. Of this trait of Davis's character Major R. W. Milsaps, founder of the Mississippi college that bears his name, recently related the following incident: "I got a lesson in the treatment of negroes when I was a young man returning South from Harvard. I stopped in Washington and called on Jefferson Davis, then United States Senator from Mississippi. We walked down Pennsylvania Avenue. Many negroes bowed to Mr. Davis and he returned the bow. He was a very polite man. I finally said to him that I thought he must have a good many friends among the negroes. He replied, 'I cannot allow any negro to outdo me in courtesy.'"³

In his youth Davis saw less of slavery than is supposed. He did not grow up on a typical Black Belt plantation; the Southwest of his youthful days was a new country in which institutions, social and economic, were only forming, and even here, up to the age of twenty-eight, he had lived less than eleven years. Perhaps the first negro who came into close relations with Mr. Davis was James Pemberton. Pemberton was given to him by his mother as a body-servant when he entered the army and remained with him during his entire service—from 1828 to 1835.

¹ *Memoirs*, Vol. I, pp. 79, 80.

² *Memoirs*, Vol. I, pp. 538, 566.

³ *American Magazine*, August, 1907, p. 394. Similar stories are related of Randolph, Calhoun, and Webster, and might be told of many of the gentlemen of the time.

Though stationed much of the time in free States or in free territory, Pemberton devoted himself with perfect faith to Davis. He carried the purse, took care of his master's arms, accompanied him on dangerous scouting expeditions, foraged and cooked for him and nursed him when sick. In 1831 Davis was ill of pneumonia for several months in the forests of Wisconsin and had no other nurse or physician than James Pemberton. During the illness that followed the death of Davis's wife in 1835 he was again devotedly nursed by Pemberton. After his master returned to Brierfield, James was made manager of the plantation, and held that position until his death in 1852. Davis and his negro manager in their constant intercourse treated one another as gentlemen. When Pemberton came to report he would not take a seat until asked, but Davis always asked him to do so and frequently brought a chair for him. At parting Davis always offered cigars, and Pemberton would accept with grave thanks. Mr. Davis never called him "Jim" but always James, and objected when anyone shortened the name. And so it was with the other negroes; no nicknames or fancy names were allowed, and the negroes had to be called, as they wished, by their full names; no classical names were forced upon them.⁴

The practical acquaintance of Jefferson Davis with the conditions of negro slavery was made during the '30's and '40's on the Mississippi plantation belonging to his brother and himself. In a bend of the Mississippi River known then as Palmyra Bend, twenty miles below Vicksburg, Joseph Davis, during the twenties, gradually acquired several thousand acres of fine cotton lands by entering government lands, by buying out small frontier farmers who held from 25 to 160 acres each, and who as the slave system grew desired to go farther west. This was the typical development of the plantation system. As an inducement to leave the army Jefferson Davis was offered by his brother Joseph the use of several hundred acres of land and the loan of money for the purchase of slaves. The offer was accepted by the younger brother, who with "his friend and servant James Pemberton" and fourteen negroes began to clear up the plantation which was known as "The Brierfield" on account of the thick

⁴Memoirs, Vol. 1, pp. 81, 155, 165, 176.

growth of briers which covered the fertile land. Davis could not afford to employ an overseer, and except for the assistance given by Pemberton, he was in direct control of all the work. The first house at Brierfield, a log house chinked with clay, was built by the two — master and slave manager. For eight years Davis scarcely left the Bend, and frequently during his brother's annual absences during the hot season he was in charge of both plantations — Brierfield and Hurricane.

One of the most interesting experiments ever made with negro slaves was that initiated by Joseph Davis and carried out by the two brothers on the Hurricane and Brierfield plantations in Warren County, Mississippi. In the management of his own slaves Jefferson Davis was influenced to a considerable extent by the opinions and example of his brother Joseph. It was the theory of the latter that the less the negroes were disciplined by force the better they would conduct themselves. So he tried to train them into habits of self-government. If one could make money for himself he was allowed to do so, paying to his master the wages of an unskilled laborer. Some of Joseph Davis's slaves set up in business for themselves. Notable among these was Ben T. Montgomery, who, with his sons, later purchased both the Davis plantations. Other planters and overseers laughingly spoke of "Joe Davis's free negroes," and when hoopskirts came in assumed that the Davis negroes were to get them and predicted that "Joe Davis will have to widen his cotton rows so that the negro women can work between them." From his brother Joseph, Jefferson Davis adopted the negro self-government plan. No negro was ever punished except after conviction by a jury of blacks. This jury was composed of "settled" men; an old negro presided as judge; there were black sheriffs or constables; witnesses were examined as in white courts, and the punishments were inflicted by negroes. The negroes took great delight in the workings of the court and showed no disposition to be too lenient with criminals. Davis retained the right to modify the sentence or to grant pardon. Mrs. Davis relates an incident which illustrates the workings of the system:

A fine hog had been killed and it was traced to the house of a negro who was a great glutton. Several of the witnesses swore to

a number of accessories to the theft. At last the first man asked for a private interview with his master, and in a confidential tone said: "The fact of the matter is, master, they are all tellin' lies. I had nobody at all to hope me. I killed the shote myself and eat pretty near the whole of it, and dat's why I was so sick last week." . . . Davis pardoned the thief but the jury were much scandalized at master's breaking up "dat Cote, for fore God, we'd a cotch de whole tuckin' of 'em, if he had let we alone."

After the death of Pemberton in 1852 Davis employed white overseers, some of whom did not approve of his system of managing negroes. They were not allowed to inflict punishment—only to report offenses. One of them left because of his objection to the negro court. The Davis system which was practiced until 1862 had vitality enough to survive for a while after the Federals had occupied the plantations, and a year later a Northern officer who saw what remained of the self-governing community and knowing nothing of its origin took it for a new development, and an evidence of how one year of freedom would elevate the blacks.⁵

It is quite likely that Davis could not have understood the mental make-up of such a negro as Frederick Douglass, but he did understand the ins and outs of the average negro's nature. Instinctively the negroes knew this and since he used his understanding for their good his servants were devoted to him. When one was charged by a white person with misconduct Davis always insisted on hearing the negro's side of the story. To him the slaves would appeal from decisions of the overseer and the latter often found it difficult to exact any kind of obedience, so accustomed were the negroes to take all their disputes to their master. One negro girl refused to wait on the overseer's wife because, contrary to her master's rule, she had been called "out'en her name"—Rose instead of Rosina. A man who was disobedient and had threatened the overseer asked Mrs. Davis, "How does you speck us ter b'lieve in them poor white trash when we people has a master that fit and whipped everybody?"

⁵ See John Eaton, "Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen," p. 165.

The negroes were allowed the usual plantation privileges. Each family had its "patch" for vegetables and fruits, pigs and chickens, which were raised for their own use and for sale to the master's family. At the birth of a negro child an outfit was given, and at death the burial clothes and food for those who "set up." When a negro was ill the master was expected to furnish or to pay for delicacies, and for a wedding he provided the dinner and the finery. A dentist came regularly to Hurricane and Brierfield to keep the negroes' teeth in order. So careful was Davis of the comfort and health of his negroes that when he was absent in Washington his income from the plantation greatly decreased. The negroes would work well for him but not for his overseers who were not authorized to force them to work.

Some of the negroes did not always appreciate their master's rather gentle methods. Especially did some of them chafe under his attempts to reason with them and thus to make them see their mistakes. Like a small white boy a negro sometimes preferred a thrashing or a round scolding to a serious temperate talk. One negro woman who pretended to cook for him after the death of his first wife was much troubled by the joking way in which he disposed of her failures. As she told the second Mrs. Davis, "Master did me mighty mean dat time; he orter cussed me, but it was mean to make fun of me." Davis, however, never was familiar with his servants in that way peculiar to many Southern masters — a sort of sublime condescending as to a very small child or to a pet animal. To him they were men and women and were treated accordingly.

Provision was made for the religious training of the slaves. Sometimes Davis and his brother paid the salary of a white Methodist preacher who was sent out by the Southern Methodist Church to work among the negroes. "Uncle Bob" was the resident black preacher at Brierfield. Davis said of him: "He was as free from guile and as truthful a man as I ever knew." He had long passed the age for active labor, but still kept up his spiritual supervision of the Brierfield flock. He had a comfortable house and a horse and buggy in which he drove every day to the plantation. It was Davis's conviction that in relig-

ious work for the negroes the South "has been a greater practical missionary than all the Society missionaries in the world."

In many ways the plantation negroes showed their appreciation of his mastership. When his first son was born the women and children came to see the newcomer, bringing gifts of chickens, eggs and fruit, and all of them brought boisterous good wishes. When the master would go through the quarters the little negroes would swarm out of the houses to greet him, shake hands with him and catch him around the legs. Upon his departure for a long stay all came to bid him good-bye and to say what they wanted him to bring back for them. When he came home again all duties were suspended until the servants could see and welcome him. In a letter written by his niece, is an account of a home-coming that she witnessed:

"On one occasion when I was a child he arrived at Hurricane, my grandfather's plantation, after a protracted absence, and took me with him to Brierfield, a distance of a mile and a half. It was at once known that he had arrived and . . . [the slaves] came running to the house and without ceremony made their way to the room where we were and to my surprise threw themselves before him and embraced his knees at the risk of pulling him down. He must have been accustomed to such demonstrations for he very gently extricated himself and patiently answered their questions and asked kindly for their families."⁶

Whether Davis looked forward to early emancipation it is impossible to say. At times it would seem that he and his brother were training their negroes for freedom soon to come. After the war when in prison Davis spoke of the hopeful emancipation movement of the twenties and thirties which in his opinion was killed by the reaction following the growth of radical abolition

⁶ This account of life at Brierfield is based on the following authorities: Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. I, pp. 163, 173, 174, 178, 193, 203, 284, 475, 479; Jones Memorial Volume, p. 667; Daniel, "Life and Reminiscences of Davis," p. 207; Bancroft, Davis, 156, 167; *Chicago Tribune*, May 7, 1889; *Times-Democrat*, Feb. 16, 1902; Craven, "Prison Life," p. 215, and correspondence with relatives.

sentiment in the North.⁷ But before the civil war neither brother ever made a more definite declaration about negroes in the South than that the exceptional negroes would emerge from slavery. And it is well known that Davis believed slavery a better state for negroes than any sort of freedom offered them in the North or in the South. For the free negro there was then nowhere a place, and Davis believed that it would be difficult to make a place for him. In this conviction he was not so fixed as was Lincoln, for he had a higher opinion of the negro than his great rival had.

While demanding the theoretical right to carry slaves to all territories Davis did not really expect slavery to extend into the far West and Northwest. In fact he thought that the slight expansion that would result would ultimately weaken slavery. In a speech in 1860 he said: "There is a relation belonging to this species of property, unlike that of the apprentice or the hired man, which awakens whatever there is of kindness or of nobility of soul in the heart of him who owns it; this can only be alienated, obscured, or destroyed, by collecting this species of property into such masses that the owner is not personally acquainted with the individuals who compose it. In the relation, however, which can exist in the northern territories, the mere domestic association of one, two, or at most half a dozen servants in a family, associating with the children as they grow up, attending upon age as it declines, there can be nothing against which either philanthropy or humanity can make an appeal. Not even the emancipationist can raise his voice; for this is the high road and open gate to the condition in which the masters would, from interest, in a few years, desire the emancipation of every one who may thus be taken to the north-western frontier."⁸

To rule negroes by laws made for whites was, Davis thought, barbarous. Once before the war he visited a reformatory in the North. Most of the inmates were whites but there was one negro boy who caught Davis by the coat, with the plea "Please

⁷ Bancroft, Davis.

⁸ *Congressional Globe*, May 17, 1860; Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II, pp. 7, 30.

buy me, sir, and take me home wid you." "I tried to procure the little fellow's liberty," said Mr. Davis, "and offered to take him and guarantee his freedom, but he was in a free State and I could not get him. It was bad enough to keep white children there, but it was inhuman to incarcerate that irresponsible negro child." *

During the Civil War the Confederate President saw nothing of his Brierfield servants. When summoned to Montgomery to lead the Confederates he went to Brierfield, assembled the negroes and made a farewell talk. They expressed devotion to him and he left them never to see them again as slaves and never to live again at Brierfield. He understood that slavery as an economic system had a precarious existence and it was his belief that no matter how the war might end slavery would be destroyed. Before leaving Brierfield he gave to the negroes all the supplies that he could command. To "Uncle Bob," who was rheumatic, he gave so many blankets and supplies that when the Federals came they confiscated them because they said that Davis could never have given him so much, that he must have stolen them or he must be trying to save them for his master. Mr. Davis said, "Nothing ever done to me made me so indignant as the treatment of this old colored man." ¹⁰

After the fall of Vicksburg some of the Davis negroes were carried into the interior to keep them from falling into the hands of the Federals. When Sherman's army captured them the Federals were surprised to find that they would not follow the army. Finally the soldiers set fire to the houses occupied by them in order to make them leave. Some never left the plundered plantation at Davis Bend, others returned, and the self-government system was for a while continued. Grant planned "a negro paradise" on the Davis plantation and many other negroes were brought to the Bend and everything turned over to them. The land was "consecrated as a home for the emancipated . . . a suitable place to furnish means and se-

* Winnie Davis, "Jefferson Davis in Private Life," in *New York Herald*, Aug. 11, 1895.

¹⁰ Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 179, Vol. II, pp. 11, 12, 19; Bancroft, Davis, p. 196.

curity for the unfortunate race which he [Davis] was so instrumental in oppressing," so that "the nest in which the rebellion was hatched has become the Mecca of freedom."¹¹ In the crowding that resulted many of the Davis negroes lost their homes, among them "Uncle Bob."

Toward the close of the Civil War, Davis and Robert E. Lee advocated the enlistment of negroes as Confederate soldiers, freedom to be the reward for military service. This plan met much opposition, though Davis used all his influence in favor of it. To members of Congress he declared that the negroes would, in his opinion, make good soldiers if well led, that he himself in Mississippi had led negroes against lawless white men. Finally becoming impatient at the bringing forward of technical objections by the opposition, Davis said: "If the Confederacy falls there should be written on its tombstone, 'Died of a theory.'"¹²

So far as known only two slaves went with Davis to Richmond. These were the son of James Pemberton, who soon ran away to the Federals, and Robert Brown, who remained faithful. The other servants were whites and free negroes. It was found difficult to keep the white servants; it was said that some of them took service with the Davis family for the purpose of acting as spies. One free black girl also went to the Federals. Two other free blacks were connected with the Davis establishment — James H. Jones and James Henry Brooks. The latter was a little negro boy rescued by Mrs. Davis from a drunken mother who was beating him. Mr. Davis went to the mayor of Richmond, had free papers made out for the boy and took him home as a playmate for the children who spoiled him completely. He took part in their games and fights also, and once got a broken head in a clash between the "Hill Cats," or wealthy children, and the "Butcher Cats," or working men's children. He was fighting as a "Hill Cat." President Davis, seeing his injury went down the hill and endeavored to persuade the

¹¹ Garner, "Reconstruction in Mississippi," p. 252, quoting from the order of General Dana; Bancroft, Davis, p. 152; *Times-Democrat*, Feb. 16, 1902; *Chicago Tribune*, May 7, 1879; Eaton, "Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen," p. 165.

¹² "Rise and Fall," Vol. I. pp. 516, 518.

"Butcher Cats" to make friends, but though they expressed respect for him they refused to make peace with the "Hill Cats." After the collapse of the Confederacy, the Brooks boy went with the Davis family in their flight toward the Southwest and was captured with them in Georgia. He saw the soldiers forcibly separate Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and long after he declared to some Northern teachers that when grown he intended to kill the officer who took hold of Mrs. Davis. One of the captors named Hudson, who Mrs. Davis thought was a bad character, threatened to adopt the boy. So, when on the way to prison at Fortress Monroe a stop was made at Port Royal, South Carolina, Mrs. Davis sent the boy to General Saxton, an old friend, who was stationed there. The boy fought furiously to keep from going. General Saxton turned him over to a New England school marm then teaching the Sea Island blacks. She reported that he was constantly fighting other negro children who made slighting references to Davis or sang "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." He was later sent North to school where he had other fights. A few years before Mr. Davis's death some one sent him a Massachusetts paper containing an account of young Brooks in which it was stated that the man would bear to the grave the marks of beatings inflicted by the Davises."¹³

Two trusted servants were James H. Jones, a free negro, and Robert Brown. Jones was Davis's valet and coachman; Brown was Mrs. Davis's servant. Both gave faithful service during the war, and in 1865, just before the collapse of the Confederacy, they were sent South with Mrs. Davis. On May 10, 1865, Mr. Davis overtook his wife in the pine woods of Georgia and that night was captured. It was Jones who had the President's horse saddled and ready, and hearing the coming of the enemy waked Mr. Davis and threw over his shoulders the famous rain-coat which Mr. Stanton's imagination and ingenuity magnified into a female costume. After accompanying the Davis family to Fortress Monroe, Jones went to live in Raleigh, North Carolina. Some years later when Mr. Davis was in North Carolina Jones called and his old master excused himself to a distin-

¹³ Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 199, 645; Botume, "First Days with the Contrabands," pp. 183.

guished company in order to see "my friend, James Jones." Jones, now employed in the Stationery Room of the United States Senate, is full of reminiscences of his master and nothing makes him more indignant than to hear the story about Mr. Davis's disguise when captured. Among his treasures are letters and pictures from the Davis family and a stick that Mr. Davis once used. Jones claims that on the retreat through the Carolinas Mr. Davis gave him the Great Seal of the Confederacy to hide and that for a while he had charge of the coin of the Confederacy treasury. While it is certain that Davis gave him something to hide it is doubtful whether it was the seal. Jones says that his master was a fine "every day man" who "didn't take nobody into his bosom too soon."¹⁴

Robert Brown spent his whole life in the service of the Davis family. He went with Mrs. Davis and her children from Fortress Monroe to their captivity in Savannah and was nurse and protector to the family. On the vessel that brought Mrs. Davis to Savannah, a sailor was very abusive of Davis and seemed anxious to teach Brown that he was now his master's equal. Brown asked "Am I your equal?" "Yes, certainly," the sailor replied; "Then take this from your equal," said Brown, and knocked him down. On several occasions Brown stood between the helpless family and insult or outrage. Mrs. Davis was not permitted to leave Savannah, so Brown took the children to relatives in Canada. When Mr. Davis was released from prison Brown went to him and as soon as possible re-entered his service. After Davis's death in 1889 Brown went to Colorado to live with his master's daughter, Mrs. Hayes, and there he died.¹⁵

While in captivity Davis showed intense interest not only in the welfare of his own servants but in the prospects of the race. And he was not left without evidence that the negroes did not hate him as was supposed at the North. When his captors

¹⁴ *New York Tribune*, June 4, 1907; *Times-Democrat*, March 3, 1907; Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 638; Statement of Jones; Correspondence of M. H. Clark.

¹⁵ *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 719, 716; Bancroft, Davis, p. 196; Craven, "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," pp. 215, 344.

stopped for dinner at Macon, Georgia, a strange negro servant, of his own accord and at the risk of offending the rather relentless captors, secretly brought flowers to Davis and messages from Confederate friends in the city. A year later, Mrs. Davis was again in Macon and wrote to Mr. Davis of the friendly inquiries made by negroes. He replied: "The kind manifestations mentioned by you as made by the negro servants are not less touching than those of more cultivated people. I liked them and am gratified by their friendly remembrance. Whatever may be the result of the present experiment the former relation of the races was one which could incite to harshness only a very brutal nature!"¹⁶

As soon as he was allowed to write and receive letters and to read, Davis's first inquiries were for the Brierfield negroes, and in his letters he expresses apprehension lest the crowding of strange negroes on the place by the Freedmen's Bureau might cause the home negroes to suffer. Later he was much angered when he learned that "Uncle Bob" had been robbed and turned out of his home, and frequently asked about him "with painful anxiety."¹⁷ The imprisoned Confederate ex-President did not endorse the methods adopted by the "Johnson" State governments, which endeavored to fix the place of the negro in the social order. He believed that complete civil rights should be given to the blacks. In one of his letters, dated October 11, 1865, occurs the following passage which illustrates his views:

'I hope the negroes' fidelity will be duly rewarded, and regret that we are not in a position to aid and protect them. There is, I observe, a controversy, which I regret, as to allowing negroes to testify in court. From brother Joe, many years ago, I derived the opinion that they should then [as slaves] be made competent witnesses, the jury judging of their credibility; out of my opinion on that point arose my difficulty with Mr. C—— [an overseer who left the employ of Davis because slaves were allowed to testify in the plantation courts], and any doubt which might have existed in my mind was removed at that time. The

¹⁶ *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 643, 751.

¹⁷ *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 703, 741; Bancroft, Davis, p. 153.

change of relation diminishing protection must increase the necessity. Truth alone is inconsistent, and they must be acute and well trained who can so combine as to make falsehood appear like truth when closely examined."¹⁸

In 1866 Mrs. Davis was allowed to go to Fortress Monroe and live near her husband. Frederick Maginnis, a former free servant, then came and insisted upon re-entering the service of the family. He stoutly resented all unfriendly conduct toward or criticism of Mr. Davis and saved him from much annoyance by sightseers and others. In spite of the fact that General Burton, who succeeded General Miles, was liked by the Davises, Frederick refused to invite the General to his wedding when he married Mrs. Davis's maid. No one, he explained, who held his master in prison should come to his wedding. Of his kindly devotion Mrs. Davis wrote: "What this judicious, capable, delicate-minded man did for us could not be computed in money or told in words; he and his gentle wife took the sting out of many indignities offered to us in our hours of misfortune. They were both objects of affection and esteem to Mr. Davis as long as he lived."¹⁹

During this period of enforced seclusion Mr. Davis talked and wrote more about the negro problem than about any other topic. The disturbed condition of the race excited his pity; he did not believe that a million had perished during and just after the war, as some asserted, but thought that the negroes who had left the plantations had suffered greatly; for as slaves they had been cared for, now no one looked after them and they were not yet competent to care for themselves. Most of the immorality exhibited was due, he said, to the removal of the restraints of slavery; the state of freedom was more than the negro could comprehend and he was aimlessly drifting. Of amalgamation of races, that bugbear of many whites, he said that nature had erected barriers against it; no normal white or black desired it; the few cases of intermarriage in the North had no significance; "there could be no problem of the negro at

¹⁸ *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 722.

¹⁹ *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 774, 777.

the North for they were too few to be of consequence." The disturbed condition of the race was, in his opinion, due less to the mere fact of freedom than to the evil teachings of the Bureau officers and such people who had excited the ex-slaves with talk of lands, houses, equal rights, etc. He believed that the Southern States should be left to deal with the negroes. They could do it better than the Bureau. Were its officers soldiers it might be different, but camp followers were a most unsafe class to entrust with the care of a helpless race. He compared them to the Indian agent of the West who so mistreated the red wards of the nation. In this connection he told the following anecdote to Doctor Craven, his physician:

Driving to church one Sunday, a pious but avaricious old gentleman of Mississippi saw a sheep foundered in a quagmire on the side of the road and called John, his coachman, to halt and extricate the animal. John endeavored to pull out the sheep but found that fright and exposure had so sickened the poor brute that its wool came out in fist-fulls whenever pulled. With this news John returned to the carriage.

"Indeed, John, is it good wool?"

"First-class. Right smart good, Massa. Couldn't be better."

"It's a pity to lose the wool, John. You'd better go see if it is loose everywhere? Perhaps his sickness only makes it loose in parts." John pulled out all the wool and carried it to the carriage.

"It be's all done gone off, Massa. Every hair on him was just fallin' when I picked 'em up."

"Well, throw it in here, John, and now drive to church as fast as you can; I am afraid we shall be late."

"But the poor sheep, Massa! Shan't dis chile go fotch him?"

"Oh, never mind him," returned the philanthropist, measuring the wool with his eye, "even if you dragged him out he could never recover and his flesh would be good for nothing to the butchers."

So the sheep, stripped of his only covering, was left to die in the swamp, concluded Mr. Davis; and such will be the fate of the poor negroes entrusted to the philanthropic but avaricious Pharisees who now propose to hold them in special care.

The views of Mr. Davis on the economic situation are also interesting. "There is no question," he said, "but that the whites are better off for the abolition of slavery; it is an equally potent fact that the colored people are not." The planter would no longer be obliged to purchase his labor at high prices, nor care for laborers and their families in sickness and when idle. If a free negro died his master would lose nothing; when a slave died he lost \$1,000 or more. True, all the wealth invested in slaves was swept away, but the labor itself remained, and it was possible that the negro race might develop into an efficient tenantry that would make the South again prosperous. For the immediate future the operation of the laws of supply and demand would, he thought, serve to adjust economic relations between whites and blacks, but if theorists continued to interfere the result would be bad.

Davis had the usual mistaken Black Belt belief that only blacks could be efficient laborers in producing the staple crops of the lower South; that Germans, Irish and other immigrants might produce tobacco, and might, for a few years, do something with the other Southern staples, rice, cotton and sugar; but that, in the end, the climate would overcome them, for only negroes could successfully cultivate, year after year, those crops. How mistaken he was, forty years of opportunity for the whites have shown—the whites now make nearly all the rice, half the cotton and are beginning to go into the sugar industry. It is now known that a white man can work anywhere in the United States that a negro can and can usually do better work.

Davis foresaw, however, the development of other industries in the South. He believed that the industrial revolution would come early, for he did not foresee the destruction of Reconstruction. The high price of cotton would attract immigrants from the North and from Europe, the great water power of the South would be utilized, factories would spring up and "the happy agricultural state of the South will become a tradition, and with New England wealth, New England grasping avarice and evil passions will be brought along."

But of the ultimate independence, economic and social, of the negro race he was doubtful. Wherever the races were thrown

into political and economic competition, there the negro would finally suffer. Doctor Craven has reported his views on this point, and time has shown the correctness of many of them:

"The papers bore evidence from all sections of increasing hostility between the races, and this was but part of the penalty the poor negro had to pay for freedom. The more political equality was given or approached, the greater must be the social antagonism of the races. In the South, under slavery, there was no such feeling because there could be no such rivalry. Children of the white master were often suckled by negroes, and spoiled during infancy with black playmates . . . it was under black huntsmen the young whites took their first lesson in field sports. They fished, shot and hunted together, eating the same bread, drinking from the same cup, sleeping under the same tree with their negro guide. In public conveyances there was no exclusion of the blacks, nor any dislike engendered by competition between white and negro labor. In the bed-chamber of the planter's daughter it was common for a negro girl to sleep, as half attendant, half companion; and while there might be, as in all countries and amongst all races, individual instances of cruel treatment, he was well satisfied that between no master and laboring classes on earth had so kindly and regardful a feeling subsisted. To suppose otherwise required a violation of the known laws of human nature. Early associations of service, affection and support were powerful. To these self-interest joined . . .

"The attainment of political equality by the negro will revolutionize all this. It will be as if our horses were given the right of intruding into our parlors, or brought directly into competition with human labor, no longer aiding it but as rivals. Put large gangs of white laborers belonging to different nationalities at working beside each other and feuds will probably break out. . . . Emancipation does this upon a gigantic scale, and in the most aggravated form. It throws the whole black race into direct and aggressive competition with the laboring classes of the whites, and the ignorance of the blacks, presuming on their freedom, will embitter every difference. The principle of compensation prevails everywhere through nature, and the ne-

groes will have to pay, in harsher social restrictions and treatment for the attempt to invest them with political equality."²⁰

In 1865 the Davis negroes drifted back to Hurricane and Brierfield which were soon restored to Joseph E. Davis, and there they tried to begin the new life. Both plantations were sold in 1866 by Joseph E. Davis to three of his former slaves, Ben Montgomery and his two sons, Thornton and Isaiah, for \$300,000. Jefferson Davis was then in prison and Joseph E. Davis was too old to manage the plantations. He believed that his former slaves could, under the Montgomery supervision, gradually attain self-control and economic independence.²¹ Jefferson Davis was not so sanguine as was his older brother; he believed that white supervision of the blacks was still necessary. The plan failed mainly because of the general business depression in the South during the seventies.²² The Montgomery negroes later achieved success as farmers in Kansas, North Dakota and Canada and more recently as the founders of Mound Bayou, a negro town in Mississippi. Isaiah was the only negro member of the Mississippi Convention of 1890; he supported the movement to restrict the suffrage.

For several years after regaining his freedom Mr. Davis had little direct connection with the ex-slaves; but he never lost interest in their welfare nor did they lose their regard for him. In 1867, after being released from Fortress Monroe, he went to Mississippi on a short visit. Many of the negroes came up to see him at Vicksburg and others went to New Orleans, while to see the remaining ones he made a trip to Brierfield and Hurricane.²³

In spite of Mr. Davis's Confederate pro-slavery record no instance is known of his having been insulted by an ex-slave,

²⁰ There is no reason to doubt the essential accuracy of Doctor Craven's accounts of what he saw and heard, though some portions of his book were considerably revised by General Charles Halpine who prepared Craven's notes for the press. Craven, *Prison Life*, pp. 97-102, 211-213, 215-216, 235-242, 279-283, 284-285; Bancroft, *Davis*, pp. 152-154, 156-127; *Davis Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 12, 748.

²¹ See article by Booker T. Washington on Mound Bayou, in *World's Work*, July, 1907.

²² *Chicago Tribune*, May 7, 1879; *Times-Democrat*, Feb. 16, 1902; Correspondence of relatives.

²³ *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 804.

though the negroes at times during Reconstruction became exceedingly impudent to the whites. But as the carpet-bag scalawag régime wore on, the white leaders of the blacks began to consolidate their negro following by arguing that if the white party should come into power the Confederacy would be re-organized, Jefferson Davis would come to Montgomery and slavery would again be established. Thousands upon thousands of negroes over the South came to believe that Jefferson Davis represented all that was hostile to their freedom, and even after the downfall of the reconstruction governments some negroes were afraid of Davis. When in the late seventies and eighties he began to travel about the South many a negro was frightened by his visits and the accompanying demonstrations of the whites. The negroes often avoided the railway stations when his train would stop for him to speak. Before he died most of the blacks lost their fear of him. Proof of this changed feeling was shown by the behavior of the colored school children, who, when Davis visited Atlanta in 1886, attracted general attention by their extravagant welcome.²⁴

Among the negroes who knew him Davis was always popular. When he was living at Memphis as the president of an insurance company he was often surrounded by the negroes at the steamboat landing or on the streets and made the object of ovations that surprised strangers.²⁵ After he again took charge of Brierfield he was, on account of his lenient ways with the tenants, unable to secure as much income from the estate as the Montgomery brothers had paid him in rent. In this connection a relative wrote: "His managers complained that it was impossible to maintain discipline on the plantation, for his former slaves were continually appealing to him and he would write reproving them [the managers] for being too exacting with the old servants."

After the death of Mr. Davis a Florida newspaper published some letters written to an old negro, Milo Cooper, who then

²⁴House Report, No. 262, 43 Cong., 2 Sess., p. 181; Fleming, "Documentary History of Reconstruction," Vol. II, p. 86; Conversations with whites and negroes; John C. Reed, "Brother's War," p. 325.

²⁵Somers, "Southern States," p. 264.

lived in Orlando, but who is now in the Miami, Florida, poor house. Cooper had formerly belonged to some member of the Davis family. He frequently sent little gifts of fruit to Mr. Davis who always returned a courteous acknowledgment. The last letters to Milo were written less than a year before Davis's death.²⁵

The following extracts from letters written in 1885 will illustrate his appreciation of the friendship of this humble man:

My Good Friend Milo: The plants did not arrive until the day before your letter came. They have been planted and are much valued by me, and Mrs. Davis unites with me in thanking you for them. . . . Mrs. and Miss Davis unite in kindest regards to you and with best wishes, I am, with thanks,

Yours sincerely,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

. . . We are indebted to you for kind attentions. . . . I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare. . . .

Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis are thankful to their friend, Milo Cooper, for the lemons and for his congratulations. Mr. Davis passed his eightieth birthday in good health and spirits for one of his age, and is cheered by the kind spirit evinced by so many friends.

Your Friends,

JEFFERSON and V. H. DAVIS.

The cane arrived safely. Please receive my thanks and the assurance that it is a valued testimonial which I shall keep. The peaches were very fine and I have ordered the seed planted in the orchard and hope to raise some from them of better quality than those I have. . . .

Always remembering you with friendly interest, my family and self have thankfully to acknowledge your kind attention in sending to us the choice fruits of the season. With renewed assurance of our cordial good wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

At the funeral of the great Southern leader his humble friends were there to pay the last tribute of love and respect. Among them was Robert Brown, now an aged man, who had spent his life in Mr. Davis's service, and from Mississippi

²⁵ *Jacksonville Times-Union*, Jan. 9, 1890; Jones, Memorial Volume, p. 493; Bancroft, Davis, p. 100.

came his former slaves and their children. "He was a good, kind master," they said "everybody that he ever owned loved him." An old negro of eighty, who could not walk alone, came because he "wanted to see him once more." One division of the funeral procession was made up of New Orleans negroes. From North Carolina came a telegram from James Jones who had learned of the death too late to reach New Orleans in time for the funeral. From South Florida, Milo Cooper came. He had heard that Mr. Davis was very ill and had started at once to New Orleans hoping to see him in life once more. Old and unused to travelling Cooper was often delayed and reached New Orleans after the death of his master. His distress upon learning this was pitiable. Mrs. Davis received letters from Thornton Montgomery then living in North Dakota, and the negroes at Brierfield united in sending the following:

We, the old servants and tenants of our beloved master, Honorable Jefferson Davis, have cause to mingle our tears over his death, who was always so kind and thoughtful of our peace and happiness. We extend to you our humble sympathy.

Respectfully,

Your Old Tenants and Servants.

Since all who served Mr. Davis loved him it will not be out of place here to quote what Betty, a white maid in the employ of the Davis family, said to a New Orleans reporter:

"You are writing a good deal about Mr. Davis but he deserved it all. He was good to me and the best friend I ever had. After my mother died and I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Davis at Beauvoir, he treated me like one of his own family. He would not allow any one to say anything to wound the feelings of a servant."

His servants always said of him that he was "a very fine gentleman."³⁶

WALTER L. FLEMING.

Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge.

³⁶Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 923, 933, 934; Daniel, "Life and Reminiscences of Davis," p. 76; Jones Memorial Volume, pp. 467, 468, 493, 500, 501; Jacksonville *Times-Union*, Jan. 9, 1890; New Orleans newspapers, Dec., 1889; *Obsequies of Jefferson Davis*, pp. 27, 113; Bancroft, *Davis*, pp. 100, 196.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON ART

I. THREE BOOKS ON SPAIN. *

When a bad book appears, the effectual remedy is a conspiracy of silence. Books live on the lips of men, and when men cease to talk about them, they perish. And so, when a good book is published, it is the duty of him who reads it to pass it on to his friends, or, if he dare not trust them with its possession, at least to pass on the glad tidings of its coming.

Spain is the hardest of all European countries to understand. This is because it is not really European. Not the Straits of Gibraltar, but the Pyrenees divide Europe from Africa. Spain is in truth a detached fragment of the Dark Continent. Her bare, parched mountains, her verdureless, sun-baked plains, the whole aspect of a land that speaks of the desolating power of tropical heat, tell us that we are in Morocco, and that the illimitable Sahara is just beyond. The people, too, are African in their pride, their dignity, their customary indolence broken by fits of fierce energy, their narrowness of view, their religious fanaticism, their indifference to pain, whether in themselves or in others. Indeed, it is most likely that the original Iberians came from Northern Africa, and were of the same race as the Berbers who now roam over the desert sands of Morocco in search of blood and water. If so, it explains much in the Spanish temperament which otherwise is inexplicable.

This alien character of the land and its inhabitants raises a barrier which only much intercourse combined with native sympathy can overleap. One may live for years among the Spaniards, and yet never penetrate into their thoughts nor comprehend their strange outlook on life, so different from our own that it is only with much effort that we can understand it. And even when we have penetrated into their inner consciousness and attained their point of view, it seems so unreasonable, so narrow, so one-sided, that we find it difficult of toleration. Mr.

* THE SOUL OF SPAIN, by Havelock Ellis (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
CITIES OF SPAIN, by Edward Hutton (The Macmillan Co.)
THE ART OF THE PRADO, by Charles S. Ricketts (L. C. Page & Co.)

Ellis, however, is not like the rest of us who go through Spain with open eyes and closed hearts. He has studied the people until he understands them, and while their ideals are not his, they are not beyond the pale of his sympathy.

His book is well named. He has penetrated the Spanish soul, and he reveals it to us in its weakness and its strength, plainly, but not unkindly. All who contemplate a trip to that land of romance should read his work, and they who have returned will find it in an explanation of much that they did not comprehend.

His Introduction and his chapters on "The Spanish People" and "The Women of Spain" are particularly informing. They contain the results of his patient study and long observation, and they are the essence of the book. The other chapters on special subjects are interesting, and all are most beautifully written, in that style which every reader of his books has learned to love; but while they may be neglected, if need be, the portions that I have named are really necessary to a comprehension of the Spanish people. In them the essence of the Spanish spirit is revealed, the Spaniard's soul laid bare. It is a strange soul, narrow and intense, which, like the soul of the middle ages, yearns passionately for sweetness and light, and yet continually misses the true way and strays into paths of darkness.

No one can wander through Spain without looking much at Spanish women. It is doubtful whether St. Anthony himself would have been able continually to avert his gaze. Their wonderful eyes, exceeding in size and lustre those of all other lands, their faces and figures that are so often perfect in beauty and grace, their rich complexions, the statuesque calm of lineaments that seem to be carved from purest ivory, and their singularly steadfast regard that turns not away because a stranger stares, all compel attention from the most indifferent. But what is occurring behind that brow so immobile as compared with the faces of her northern sisters is something which the visitor from a foreign land cannot even imagine. Mr. Ellis, however, came to our assistance, and does much to let us into her point of view; and it must be said that the revelation is usually to her credit.

Of the other chapters, those on Montserrat and "Spanish

Ideals of To-day" I found to be of greatest interest. Not that Mr. Ellis does justice to Montserrat. Neither pen nor pencil can do that. Of all mountains that I have seen it is the most fascinating, incredible in its beauty and in the fantastic shapes of its towers and battlements and far-reaching horns of white stone that seek to penerate the sky. There it stands, white in a land where all else is brown, fertile in a land where all else is desolation, the richest vegetation issuing from the smallest crevices of the rock; so extraordinary in its shapes that Doré in his maddest visions saw nothing like it. No wonder that it was always a sacred mountain; no wonder that it was chosen as the dwelling place of the Holy Grail. There are few experiences in life so completely satisfying as a sojourn at the great monastery hidden in a cleft of the rock beneath its towering summits, and few are they who can leave it without a longing to return and end their days in its peaceful shade.

Of all men, the monks have been the wisest in the selection of their dwelling places. Nearly all monasteries are in situations commanding a glorious view. Is it because they realize the uplifting effects upon the soul of an extended prospect, bearing it off on the wings of the morning to the very throne of God? Or is it that, denying themselves the joys that come from woman's beauty, they seek to indemnify themselves by revelling in the beauty of nature? Whichever it be, the monks who located the monastery at Montserrat were masters of their craft.

The chapter on "Spanish Ideals of To-day" takes a hopeful view of Spain's future, and even the most casual tourist sees everywhere since the Spanish-American War signs of a national awakening. That shock forced on Spanish pride a realization of Spain's weakness, and convinced her of the necessity of joining the march of civilization, while it freed her from the colonies that were a millstone around her neck, dragging her down to perdition, as they would drag us down were it not for our greater strength.

Mr. Ellis intimates, though he does not plainly say it, what a somewhat extensive reading of Spanish has forced me to believe, that Spain's failure is largely due to the fact that they are not an intellectual nation. This may be due to the Inquisition. A

people who for hundreds of years are not allowed to think must lose in a large measure the power of thought. On the other hand, it may well be urged that if they had been a nation of thinkers they would never have suffered the Inquisition to gain its monstrous ascendancy. Most likely they were born narrow-minded. Certainly their literature, outside of Cervantes, is painfully deficient in thought; so much so that I often feel that the time that I have spent upon it has been largely wasted. It contains much that is beautiful; but rarely does it grapple with the deeper problems of life, and when it does, it is usually in an ineffectual way. If this suspicion is correct—if the real trouble with Spain is an inherent want of intellectual breadth—then her case is essentially hopeless, and she must always limp behind the other civilized countries.

Mr. Hutton is not a specialist on Spain, like Mr. Ellis. His heart and his soul are in Italy. He goes through Spain as a tourist, like the rest of us; but he sees it with a poet's eye and describes it with a poet's pen. To me his book is the most beautiful piece of English prose that has been written since Walter Pater. And the style recalls that of Pater. It has the same linked sweetness, which reminds one of some exquisite legato playing upon a perfect instrument. One can read Mr. Hutton's book again and again for the mere sensuous beauty of the words, as one reads poetry.

Yet it is full of meaning and keen-eyed observation, just as were Pater's essays. Mr. Hutton is never a slave to his words, writing for the mere joy of their honeyed cadences. He sees things as they are, with remarkable clearness of vision, and he tells us what he sees. Though he writes so exquisitely about Spain, you can see that he is no great admirer of the land or its art. He perceives that it is mostly a barren land with few spots that are truly delightful, and that its art is mostly imitative, and too often spoiled in the translation; that there is something barbaric in the overloaded ornamentation of its great cathedrals. But while he does not try to lead us into a fool's paradise of injudicious admiration, while his taste, cultivated by long acquaintance with the masterpieces of Italy, is severe, he tells us

everything so charmingly that his book is truly a joy to the soul.

I should love to quote many pages to show the felicity of his style; but let this tribute to Paris on page 92 suffice:

"You will not find in Madrid anything of the sad ascetic dignity or the bravura of Spain. And if you compare her with Paris, how infinitely must she fall short of that beautiful city of spaces, where is the sweetness of a river, where the sun is lovely in its temperance, and the playing of the light upon the water is like the music of the flute, and the bridges bear you over almost like a sigh, though one of them has flung itself across the gulf with the joy of a perfect thought. And does she not hold herself back, as it were, from the river, so that a certain breadth and largeness, wanting in the Seine itself, may be added to it, by means of a due sense of proportion, of form? There the lucid streets that run like streams beneath the trees, lead ever towards some vistaed loveliness, and the buildings are like thoughtful prayers, perfectly expressive, or like the immense laughter of youth, or like the gorgeous unfulfilled boasts of a young man.

"Ah! Paris, city of light, the capital of the modern world, what Athens was, what Rome was, you are to the world to-day, the centre of our civilisation, where the arts are considered of a due importance, and you yourself are a beloved being to be adorned and cared for by your citizens. How should we imitate you in our solid heaviness, our sordid poverty, our blatant wealth; we who have gathered ourselves together into an immense crowd, and dubbed our frightful heaps of bricks and mortar, a city; our crowd of thoughtless inarticulate breadwinners, citizens. How different is life in your streets, from that of London or any other city! I have watched Spring pass up the streets, gay with the so various life of the City of Light. It is enough, I have seen the last wonder of the world. For there abide these three, Rome, London and Paris — the first is Prospero, who has known many tragedies; the second is Caliban, beastly and inarticulate; the last is Miranda, my dear darling, from whose lips has fallen the word — humanity. And if Rome who gave her life, and London who is envious in her mire, bow down to her,

who is the City of Light; how should Madrid look but ridiculous when she compares herself with her."

Yet there is another passage on page 71 that I must quote, for it contains a much needed rebuke to a class of American tourists of whom, alas! we find too many:

"I came to the inn at last, to find it full of tourists, Americans, who under the guidance of one of their number had been 'doing' the city, as they informed me. They seemed to think I should be glad of their company. At dinner, which is an early meal in Avila, they told each other their adventures. But he who was the leader and guide began to speak of Santo Tomás in a loud voice, so that we all might benefit by his knowledge. I did not hear the beginning of his discourse, for I was talking with an old Spaniard who sat beside me; but my attention was caught when I heard him say, . . . 'so I spat right there on the tomb, and the monk didn't dare say anything, but he just looked; I can't tell you easily how he looked.'

"My Spanish friend moved in his seat and asked me, 'It is of the tomb of Torquemada that he speaks?' I did not know, but at his request I asked.

" 'Yes, sir, 'Im telling you, aren't I? I spat right there on the tomb. I'm a free-born American, a liberty-loving, educated Independant minister, and I'm glad to have the chance to show these Spanish idolaters what I think of their man-burning devils.' 'And so say all of us,' said a young man across the table, with a laugh, while the others smiled and seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing.

"A small part of this I told my neighbor; but, alas, he had understood.

" 'But it is too long ago, surely it is too long ago — to bear malice,' he said, in a quiet but agitated voice. 'We are Christians, it is very necessary to forgive, is it not so?' . . .

"But that strident voice that was used to domineer over many congregations would not have it so.

" 'And yet,' said my friend to me in the hubbub that followed, 'and yet it was us he burned; if we have forgiven, why should he remember?' . . .

"It was night when I returned to Santo Tomás, but the

Father was waiting for me in the sacristy. After a minute he said, 'My son, you are troubled, you are angry, what has happened? It is not well to sleep when one is angry.' And somehow I told him all. Once or twice he smiled, but there were tears in his eyes as he led me, in the midst of that great room, to the bare slab of slate beneath which Torquemada sleeps. 'It is true,' he said, 'we have forgiven him.' There was a long silence, and then with a great deference he turned towards me and said, 'If you will, señor, we will pray for him and for us all, because—is it not so?—where one who is in trouble is left unaided, there passes an executioner; and where two or three are gathered together in unkindness, there is the Inquisition.' As we knelt I saw him wipe away the mark of scorn from the grave with the sleeve of his cloak."

Mr. Ricketts' book on the Prado is an admirable guide to that fine gallery. It has often been called a gallery of masterpieces, and as it is rather off the beaten track, those who visit it are apt to overrate its importance, placing it above the Louvre and the galleries of Florence, with neither of which can it compare. Still, it is one of the world's greatest collections, and now that Velasquez is in such high favor and the art dealers are working up such a craze for the pictures of El Greco, it is of especial interest.

Mr. Ricketts is a painter, and so has a technical knowledge which is of great value. But unlike most painters he has a catholic knowledge of art in its larger aspects and the literary skill to make plain his views. He knows his subject, and can tell what he knows. He reviews in detail the contents of the gallery, and his judgments usually leave little to be desired.

The central figure in the Prado is of course Velasquez, and Mr. Ricketts' consideration of his work is the most judicious that has fallen under my observation. He admires his truth, his perfect sincerity his detachment of view, his marvellous technique, as much as anyone can; but he also perceives his limitations, which many others do not. He sees that while Velasquez is the greatest of all realists, his absolute incapacity to grasp the ideal condemns him forever to a second rank. If

one wishes to be assured of this, it is not necessary to leave the Prado to find the proof. One has only to turn from the masterly portraits of Velasquez to Titian's portrait of Charles V at the Battle of Mühlberg to see what a gulf there lies between genius and talent, even when at its highest, as in Velasquez. Titian has not idealized Charles. It is a perfect likeness. We see before us a small man on horseback alone on the borders of a wood. We see the plain features and the projecting under-jaw, just as they were in life. But the genius of the supreme master has given to this paltry figure all the majesty of imperial power. If no one told us that it was an emperor who rides there in armor with his lance at rest, we should still know his station, and should realize that upon his nod hung the fortunes of a world. Velasquez, least imaginative of men, cannot paint like that.

Like most critics, Mr. Ricketts admires the broad brush work of Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt in their later days, and attributes it to a growing mastery of their craft. Yet I suspect that this is a delusion, and that these masters painted so, not because they wished to, but because they had to. With the long sight that comes with advancing years they had to stand further from the canvas and paint with a longer brush, producing the sketchy effects imitated by so many modern artists. We may well believe that the masters would, had their eyes permitted, gladly have returned to the detailed perfection of their younger days, rendered more effective by a wider experience and a deeper insight into the eternal verities.

I cannot share Mr. Ricketts' admiration for Titian's "La Gloria," the picture which Charles V took with him into his retirement at Yuste and on which his dying eyes were fixed. It seems to me a poor thing, painted by command and without conviction. But there are in the gallery so many glorious masterpieces by the master that one need not cavil over that; and to them all Mr. Ricketts does full justice.

And he does well in calling attention to the incomparable collection of Rubens' works which to my mind are the Prado's supreme attraction. Nowhere else can one see Rubens in such splendor. The room in which hangs his masterpieces, mostly the product of his full maturity, when the shadows had almost

vanished from his work and when, inspired by the blonde beauty of his second wife, he accomplished prodigies that have never been paralleled in painting, fairly dazzle the eyes. The sight of those rooms would alone repay the fatigues and expense of a journey to a city far more remote than Madrid.

II. THREE BOOKS ON ITALY.*

I have loved Tuscany much, and have wandered through it not a little beneath the summer's sun; but my ideal of happiness would be to start out upon a bright, crisp morning in October with Mr. Hutton's book in hand, following his footsteps day by day, and seeing all the beautiful things of which he speaks. The autumn would merge into winter, the winter turn to spring and the glory of the summer give place to December's chill long before the quest was finished, so many are the lovely things in art and nature to which he points the way. He writes with a fullness of knowledge that is truly encyclopædic and with an enthusiasm and a joy in all gracious and beautiful things that is contagious. He has too much to tell, his book is too crammed with information, for him to indulge in the fine writing that characterizes his book on Spain. Always we wish that he would tell us more. But he has so much to point out that he can only say, "Look," and then pass on.

Much as he loves the art of Tuscany, he loves still more the Tuscan landscape — sweetest of all landscapes save those of Umbria. I cannot refrain from quoting this brief description on page 368, of the view from the summit of Mount Falterona, which will give a taste of his quality:

"It was there I waited the dawn. For long in the soft darkness and silence I had watched the mountains sleeping under the few summer stars. Suddenly the earth seemed to stir in her sleep, in every valley the dew was falling, in all the forests there was a rumour, and among the rocks where I lay I caught a

* FLORENCE AND NORTHERN TUSCANY, WITH GENOA, by Edward Hutton (the Macmillan Company).

THE CITIES OF ITALY, by Arthur Symons (E. P. Dutton & Company).

ITALICA, by William Roscoe Thayer (Houghton, Mifflin & Company).

flutter of wings. The east grew rosy; out of the mysterious sea rose a golden ghost hidden in glory, till suddenly across the world a sunbeam fell. It touched the mountains one by one; higher and higher crept the tremulous joy of light, confident and ever more confident, opening like a flower, filling the world with gladness and light. It was the dawn: out of the east once more had crept the beauty of the world.

"Then in that clear and joyful hour God spread out all the breadth of Italy before me: the plains, the valleys, and the mountains. Far and far away, shining in the sun, Ravenna lay, and lean Rimini and bartered Pesaro. There, the mountains rose over Siena, in that valley Gubbio slept, on that hill stood S. Marino, and there, like a golden angel bearing the Annunciation of Day, S. Leo folded her wings on her mountain. Southward, Arezzo smiled like a flower, Monte Amiata was already glorious; northward lay a sea of mountains, named and nameless, restless with light, about to break in the sun. While to the west Florence lay sleeping yet, in the cusp of her hills, her towers, her domes, perfect and fresh in the purity of dawn that had renewed her beauty."

He is a man of the Quattrocento. Modern Italy and all its works, save its ordered liberty, he holds in abhorrence. His soul dwells in the days of Botticelli and Donatello, of Mino da Fiesole and Desiderio da Settignano, of Masaccio and Filippo Lippi. Titian seems to be the last Italian whom he deems worthy of reverence. Is he truly a devout Catholic, or does he only delight in the æsthetic beauty of the faith? However it may be, he has a rare insight into the soul of man at the time of the early Renaissance and a joy in its artistic utterance that is rarely surpassed in its intensity. His outlook is much the same as Ruskin's, but he is guided by knowledge such as Ruskin did not possess, and which was indeed impossible of attainment in Ruskin's day, and by a sound judgment that prevents his delighting in many trifling works over which his great predecessor used to go into ecstasy. He is familiar with the latest discoveries and abreast with the most recent criticism; so that he is not merely a delightful but a safe guide. And for one thing I love him — his thorough detestation of that hateful fanatic Savona-

rola, who burned so many precious masterpieces of art on his bonfire of vanities and lorded it over Florence with so little profit to the city.

It is a delight to common mortals to find that Homer nods; so we may note than on page 319 he attributes the "Virgin Appearing to St. Bernard" in the Badia at Florence to Ghirlandaio. Not that he means it. He has been speaking of Filippo Lippi, and he has not noted that the name of Ghirlandaio has intervened. And so on page 326 he tells us that the "Madonna of the Goldfinch" was painted in 1548, nearly thirty years after Raphael's death, and on page 405 he substitutes Croesus for Crassus. But such slips correct themselves, and do not impair the value of a work so rich in precious information.

It has been discovered that a mob has a soul of its own, different from the souls of all the men who compose it, and that it will do things of which every member, taken individually, would be incapable. So every city has a soul, different from the souls of all its inhabitants, yet the joint product of them all and of all the men and women who have dwelt within its precincts in the ages past; a soul which is ever present and which seeks to mould in its own image not merely those who are born and dwell therein, but the stranger who is within its gates. Owing to the breaking up of the Italian peninsular into a multitude of petty states usually at variance with one another, the souls of Italian cities are strangely variant and individual. It has been the task of Mr. Symons, foremost of English poets now that Mr. Swinburne is past his prime, to reveal to us the souls of some of the principal cities; and this he has done with a marvellous insight that is the gift of poets and in that exquisite style possessed by them when they turn to prose. He has not the detailed information of Mr. Hutton; he is not a specialist in things Italian; but he has that perception of the essence of things that in primitive times led men to confound the bard with the seer. Rome and Florence, Naples and Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, Siena, Verona, Bologna, Bergamo and Brescia are shown to us, and however well we knew them before, we know them better still when we have read what Mr. Symons has to say. He may add nothing to our knowledge of details, but he will surely

add to our comprehension; and when we have read his pages we shall see the familiar things in a profounder way.

Italy is a land of such infinite variety, so many ages have left their impress upon her, that one may regard her from numberless points of view. Mr. Hutton looks at her as a Catholic, though I suspect that his Catholicism is æsthetic rather than practical. For him the one glorious period is the Quattrocento—when art had attained a development that gave perfect expression to a faith which was still sincere. Mr. Symons' view of Italy is many-sided. He sees not merely the Christian exterior but the profound and ever-enduring paganism that underlies the veneer of Italian Christianity. He realizes that Italy has always been pagan at heart, with the healthy, blithe outlook on life that makes all men who love the wholesome and the beautiful turn back with yearning to the gods of Greece, and he perceives that Italy's ages of darkness have been due to foreign domination, particularly to the rule of Spain and Austria. Not that Mr. Symons ingores the Christian spirit as manifested in Italy; but his sympathy is not sincerely with it. He is a humanist, not a saint. The Italy that Mr. Hutton sees is the Italy of a single epoch, though an epoch so splendid that we can never study it enough. The Italy that Mr. Symons sees with the clearness of a poet's vision is the Italy of all time, the Italy that has worshipped a hundred gods, that has known endless mutations of fortune, that has taken on a thousand shapes, and yet has remained the eternal enchantress. His book is one that should be read more than once.

It was inevitable that anything written on Italy by Mr. Thayer, author of the most vigorous of all short histories of Venice, should be interesting; and "*Italica*" is no disappointment. But it is widely different from the books we have mentioned. Mr. Hutton loves the Italy of the fifteenth century; Mr. Symons the Italy of all time; but it is the living, progressive Italy of to-day, forging steadily ahead among the nations in spite of many impediments, that appeals to Mr. Thayer. His volume of essays deals with subjects as remote from one another in time as Dante and the Italy of 1907; but the spirit is ever

the same, the true American spirit, which delights above all things in the growth of civil and religious liberty, in the uplifting of the whole body of the people, in the development of the country's material resources, in the progress of education and the sciences. To some he will seem an intense anti-clerical, while others will see in him a true friend of religion, who would free it alike from mediæval bigotry and ecclesiastical politics; a man who loves United Italy so much that a Church which makes war upon it is hateful in his sight, but who would lend a cordial support to that Church if it would recognize that the temporal power of the Papacy is gone forever, and co-operate with the government of Victor Emanuel III for the good of Italy and of the world. He loves not the Vatican under the present reactionary influences; but he loves modern Italy with all his heart, and he understands her as only those who sympathize can understand. He sees on every hand grounds for hope and congratulation, and he foresees for her a future not unworthy of her glorious past.

There are too many who decry modern Italy. Some of these are intensely artistic souls, like Ruskin and Mr. Hutton, to whom all modern civilization, with its factories, its railroads, its smoke and noise, are detestable. Others blame Italy because in a few years of disturbed freedom, overwhelmed by debt and with a population long crushed by tyranny, she has not been able to catch up with the nations that lead the van of progress. Still others can see no good in a people or a government that has taken Rome from the Pope. Yet the Italians, particularly in the North, are a fine race who are advancing steadily and even rapidly despite great difficulties, and Mr. Thayer's vigorous and sympathetic presentation of their cause is heartily to be commended.

The style of his book is clear and strong, characterized by the same directness that makes his "History of Venice" so notable. I cannot refrain from quoting one passage from page 31 to show how widely his style and his views differ from those of Mr. Hutton:

"In our grandfathers' day few Yankee seacaptains returned home without bringing back some curiosity—a Buddhist idol, a South-Sea Islander's weapons, a rare piece of Chinese porcelain

or silk — to remind them of their voyages. So, from the ninth to the thirteenth century, every thrifty Venetian who traded to the Levant tucked away in his cargo the leg or arm, or at least a knuckle, of some saint, with which he enriched his parish church and assured himself and his family a safe passage to heaven. Computing by the sum of such relics as remain, the whole number which passed from the East into Western Europe must have been enormous. In the earlier times it was possible to secure at reasonable rates the entire body of a first-class saint. But with the Crusades the stream of purchasers increased a thousand-fold, and the canny Greek, who did a thriving business in these commodities, might get as high a price for a few hairs or the thumb-nail of a third-century martyr as his grandfather got for an entire apostle. The bodies of the favorite and most potent saints having long before been disposed of, dealers filled further orders more parsimoniously, doling out fragments and small bones, unconcernedly duplicating and multiplying until, if all their wares would be united, we should find that John the Baptist had more arms than Briareus and Mary Magdalene more feet than a centipede."

GEORGE B. ROSE.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

FEMININE TYPES IN TOLSTOY'S WORKS

The greatest Russian writers have always striven to create the national Russian feminine type, and the result of that endeavor was what is known in Russian literature as the "Russian woman." The Poet Nekrassov succeeded in his "Russian Women" to give a striking picture of that type. Goncharov, one of the best writers of Russia but who is little known outside of his country, gave life and color to that type in Olga. But it was the happy lot of Turgenev to discover the most hidden spiritual treasures of the Russian girl of that type and to immortalize it. And thanks to him the type is familiar to and admired by every reader of Russian literature. The Russian woman as portrayed by this writer is a restless creature with an eternal yearning for the ideal, taking deeply to heart the fate of humanity, craving for great deeds, courageously striding over a thorny path, resignedly and perhaps triumphantly carrying the crown of the martyr, and the great part the Russian girl played in the revolution of later days has proven that the familiar type of the Russian woman in fiction was not the creation of a heated imagination, but taken from real life.

Tolstoy, however, is the exception among the great Russian writers. In his works the familiar type of the Russian woman is nearly absent. Until his very latest work in fiction, "Resurrection," there was not even the slightest hint of its existence. And even in "Resurrection" the reader is allowed to make but a very slight acquaintance with it. Tolstoy devoted his whole genius to the portraying of *das ewig Weibliche* in his feminine characters. His ideal woman characters bask in the virtues of home life, are devoted wives and mothers and have at heart mainly the happiness of their immediate family. They do not emit brilliant rays of light but radiate a pleasant warmth and diffuse a soft, luminous shimmer like the stars.

Tolstoy has the rare gift of penetrating into the inmost recesses of the soul; the human heart lies bare before him and he reads it like an open book, and he portrays the sweet melancholy of love's awakening, the magic change of sombre colors into the brightest hues at the touch of love, the concen-

trated gaze and the gentle meaning smile of a woman who feels the throb of new life under her heart, the blissful state of motherhood, the misery of the deceived wife, the bitter pangs of jealousy, the wonderful transition from the dreamland of girlhood into the world of reality, and many other moods, feelings, passions which are not only inherent in the Russian woman but in the womanhood of every land. Natasha (*War and Peace*), Masha (*Family Happiness*), Liza (*Two Generations*), are daughters of Eve the world over. Any girl or woman, no matter where she may dwell or to what station in life she may belong, will readily recognize in them her sisters. No reader ever finds it difficult to grasp Tolstoy's characters on account of their belonging to a foreign race, a foreign land or a different walk of life. No reader ever stops to think: "How strange that I never felt anything like it myself!" On the contrary, one often exclaims wonderingly: "Great God, I could almost believe that the writer looked into my own heart and read my own thoughts!"

There is a great variety of feminine characters in Tolstoy's works. There is the peasant woman, with plenty of "horse-sense," practical, cunning and loyal; there is the wild child of nature, a plant of the Caucasus; there is the well-bred, educated society woman. In fact, there is hardly a station in life the gentle sex of which does not come under his observation, with the exception of that class of society which is next to the peasantry and which consists of artisans, small tradesmen and the like, a class which is almost wholly absent from his works. But in the main Tolstoy knows to perfection and likes to dwell on the society girl and society woman.

There are bad women and good women in Tolstoy's works. It is most surprising that a writer with such a great talent as his, with such deep insight into the human heart and necessarily with an all-forgiving love for human frailties, cannot rise to the point of love and forgiveness towards his erring women, and it is still more surprising when it is taken into consideration that the great writer of the Russian soil, as Tolstoy is called, is at the same time also the great teacher of love and forgiveness to everybody. As a matter of fact, Tolstoy not only has no love

for erring women but is filled with an unconquerable hatred towards them. His hatred is so great that he is almost unable to draw a picture—a human picture of them. With a few exceptions, nearly all his erring women are not living creatures but mummies. Ellen (*War and Peace*) is one instance. As the wife of Pierre who is the main hero of the novel, Ellen has to be one of the primary characters. Indeed, the author now and then turns to her, but seldom does he allow her to speak for herself and show her feelings. The reader is under so strong an impression that she is not only a heartless, soulless creature, but also speechless, that he is disagreeably surprised to see her entering her husband's room on the morrow after his duel with Dolokhov and address him: "There is another hero for you!" The surprise is the same as if a dummy would all of a sudden begin to speak. And this is the impression one forms of a woman who is conducting one of the greatest salons in St. Petersburg and has the reputation of a clever society leader, according to Tolstoy himself. The same thing may be said of Betsy and her circle (*Anna Karenina*) and it is only on account of the hatred which the author felt towards them that they appear so colorless and inanimate. / The same author who could find a human vein in Dolokhov, the heartless rake and cruel bully, and paint him in such warm colors that the reader cannot help admiring his heroic recklessness, shows no such love or sympathy for the woman who has strayed from the path of righteousness.

True, there is Anna (*Anna Karenina*) who, notwithstanding the fact of her being a faithless wife, came out one of the most lovable sympathetic characters in the whole novel—but this happened against the intention and will of the author. The motto of the novel, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," plainly shows what was the tendency of the author. It was to serve as a kind of warning Tolstoy the moralist intended to give to woman. But it was all right for Tolstoy the artist to obey the dictates of Tolstoy the moralist and deny pity and sympathy to his erring woman as long as he kept her at a respectful distance with an averted gaze, but as soon as the artist had to look at her at close range and watch intently the effects that her transgressions had upon her and the partner of her sin, he was so carried away by

his work that he wholly forgot his mission and instead of impressing the reader with vivid pictures of well-deserved punishment for committed wickedness, he wrung from him tears of sympathy and commiseration for the fate of an unhappy woman who was mercilessly crushed by a hypocritical society only because she was swayed by a strong, genuine passion and was too honest to hide it and to play before the world the virtuous matron, and of an unhappy mother who being attached with the strongest ties of love to her little son, is compelled to part with him because she can no longer bear her cold pedantic husband. But this is not the first time that the muses played tricks upon great authors. The very same fate on a lower scale also overtook Alphonse Daudet when he undertook to write "Sappho," intending it as a warning to his son.

There is one fallen woman among Tolstoy's heroines to whom he showed the greatest sympathy and love, that is Maslova (Resurrection), but there is an especial reason for this — Maslova is the victim of one belonging to the higher class, she was more sinned against than she had sinned, and besides, she was a child of the people and the author could forgive her much that he could not forgive a woman of his own class.

The other feminine characters may be roughly divided into four classes. On the very lowest plane there are such as Viera Rostova. She is one of those characters that can boast: "I-did-not-do-any-wrong-to-anybody," but at the same time one would in vain look for any good they ever did to anyone. Calm, punctual, prudent, cold as Viera was, she could not understand why her relatives and acquaintances did not appreciate her good qualities. As a matter of fact, her nearest relations such as her mother, sister, and brothers had no liking for her. The remarks she made were clever and went straight home, but as they were lacking in love and good-heartedness, they only worked on the nerves of those present and augmented their enmity for her. She would not touch a thing which belonged to her sister and brothers because it was *theirs* and heaven forbid that they touch a thing of hers on the same principle that it was *hers*. The younger children always felt stiff and uncomfortable in the presence of this, their eldest sister and were

often brought to the verge of tears because of her hardness and lack of sympathy with their childish pranks and follies. The blessing of a warm, tender love was denied her cold nature; she married an insignificant little-hearted, narrow-minded egotist and was happy in her married life — but no one feels any better or happier on account of it because she does not feel any interest in the happiness or unhappiness of others.

A higher type is Sonia (War and Peace). She is beautiful, devoted, constant in her love and knows how to sacrifice her happiness for the sake of her beloved one. When still in her teens she falls in love with her cousin, Nikolai Rostov, and remains true to this attachment through her whole life; even when he marries another girl she still remains devoted to him, his wife and his children, just as if nothing had happened between them. It is significant that Tolstoy does not appreciate her sterling qualities and lets one of his main heroines define her as a "sterile flower." But there is no prejudice in the heart of the great writer against poor Sonia, his estimate of her is in accordance with his viewpoint of the ideal woman. The greatest virtue of a girl is to love and to be loved, but love is not the end in itself, it is only a means to the highest mission of a woman, to bear and rear children. When a woman is not fulfilling this mission, she fails in her highest duty to humanity. This idea can be clearly traced through all his works. The woman he seems to dislike most of all of his feminine characters is Ellen (War and Peace), and we are told that she did not want to have children. Even her early death was the result of the crime against this, her mission. Betsy, Liza Merkalova, Sappho (Anna Karenina) are also childless, or at least we don't know whether they are blessed with the happiness of motherhood or not. Viera Rostova, who is not liked by the author, vanishes from the novel soon after her marriage and the author does not again return to her as if afraid to meet then a child and necessarily to give her such a redeeming point. The dry, malignant, spiteful, hypocritical Lydia (Anna Karenina) is also denied the happiness of being a mother. Anna Karenina, contrary to the intention and wish of the author, elicited his sympathy, and pity is awakened in the heart of the reader for Anna in the scene where she

steals into the house of which she had but a short time before been the mistress, to have a glimpse of her loved little son, a scene of which Turgenev said that he could never write one like it, and which is considered by the best Russian critics as unsurpassed in any literature. The real undoing of Anna begins when the instincts of motherhood are dulled in her by those of the woman who fears that child-bearing will mar her beauty and thereby endanger her love. But this idea appears even more prominently in "Resurrection."

The victim, Maslova, is allowed to become a mother, but the child perished because of the precarious condition of its mother that makes the crime that Nekhludov committed against Maslova even more enormous, as he not only led astray an innocent young girl, but what was more deplorable, he irreparably killed in her a good mother. And this is necessary in order to make comprehensible and natural the awakening of Nekhludov and his willingness to sacrifice himself and all his interests to make amends for the great wrong he had done the woman. It would almost seem natural—provided of course that the whole run of the story would be natural—that it should end in the marriage of Maslova and Nekhludov. But though the whole trend of the story tends to that end, the author bethought himself at the last moment and made Simonson fall in love with Maslova in order that Nekhludov should not have to marry a woman who could not bear him any children. Notwithstanding Tolstoy's great love and sympathy for Maslova, it was against his grain to allow his most beloved hero to wed a sterile woman—even if that woman had become sterile through his fault—and thereby rob him of his right of fatherhood. Before his last meeting with Katia Maslova, Nekhludov is made a witness of a scene of a young mother whose whole life, happiness and pride, is centered in her two little babies, a scene which awakens in Nekhludov a feeling of envy because of the realization that his marriage with Maslova would be deprived of such happiness.

The most beloved feminine characters in Tolstoy's works are Natasha (*War and Peace*), Kitty (*Anna Karenina*), Masha (*Family Happiness*), Liza (*Two Generations*.) The most

elaborate character of them all is Natasha. The author is never tired of describing her varied moods, of dwelling upon her dreams, hopes, desires, affections, of watching over her every fleeting thought, of counting every pulsation of her heart, the others are there only to emphasize the details of her portrait. They are all pure, innocent girls, full of love and energy of life, and all their natural gifts and talents are instinctively employed to win the love of their mate and fulfil their mission of motherhood.

In this respect Tolstoy shares the opinion of William Makepeace Thackeray. The author of "Vanity Fair" would see in the yearning for some ideal in a woman only a natural desire for getting a husband and having children. Tolstoy fully shares this viewpoint, and if there is any difference between them, it is only in the matter of taste. The ideal woman of Thackeray is Amelia, "a plump girl with cheeks a great deal too round and red, a face flushed with rosy health, a pair of eyes which sparkle with the brightest and honestest good humor, except when they fill with tears and that happened a great deal too often, as the silly thing would cry over a dead canary bird." The ideal woman of Tolstoy is not by far a plump, complaisant female. His ideal is Natasha, a slim, black-eyed slip of a girl with a rather large mouth, a lively, energetic, passionate girl, brimful of life, and the joy and happiness that radiate from her whole being infect everybody who comes into her presence. The cold, egotistic Boris whose only aim is to make a career pauses before proposing to a rich heiress and lingers under the spell of Natasha's charm though he knows that her parents are on the verge of ruin. The valiant soldier Denissov who bravely stood his ground on the battle-field under the fire of the enemy could not withstand the witching look of Natasha's eyes and made a fool of himself by proposing to her before she even reached the age of fifteen. The stern, scornful, disappointed, pessimistic Prince Andrei Bolkonsky discovers after a short acquaintance with Natasha that life could after all be very pleasant and begins to see the world in a new light. The Lovelace, Anatole, is ready to brave every danger to elope with her. The Hamletic, absent-minded Pierre, the main hero of "War and Peace" falls in love

with her and, being a married man, he tries to avoid her presence, but after the death of Ellen, his wife, he marries her. What was the reason for this wholesale conquest? She was not a great beauty as we have already said. Was she endowed with an extraordinary mind? When Pierre was asked by Princess Mary what sort of a girl Natasha was, he replied:

"I do not know how to answer your question. I really do not know what kind of a girl she is. I cannot for the life of me analyze her. She is bewitching. And why, I do not know, and that is all that can be said about her."

"Is she sensible?"

"I think not, but perhaps yes. She does not condescend to be sensible. But no, she is bewitching and that is all."

The same characteristic can be made of Kitty and of Masha and of all the other ideal women of Tolstoy. Of Liza (*Two Generations*) the author says himself: "The best things always come unexpectedly. In the villages they seldom give themselves much pain in bringing up their children, and therefore in most cases they turn out most excellently. This is how it happened with Liza: Her foolish mother did not give her any education; she did not teach her any music, nor the so necessary French language, but taught her to read and write and arithmetic, sent her to walk and gather mushrooms and berries, and unexpectedly Liza developed into an active, good-natured, gay, independent, pure and deeply-religious woman."

Natasha considers that the world, if not purposely created for her, at least is there to furnish her with as much pleasure and happiness as possible. The dark side of life she does not know and does not want to know, but when the misery of others comes under her observation she cannot understand how, under such circumstances, one can have his own interest at heart and not do everything possible to alleviate the suffering of others. Such is her action on the eve of the invasion of Moscow by the French Army, when she hotly upbraids her mother for refusing their wagons to wounded soldiers and orders the valuables with which they are loaded thrown out of them to make room for the wounded, thereby abandoning their possessions for the spoil of the invading army.

Tolstoy has so much trust in his ideal that he even allows Natasha to fall in love with Boris Kuragin at the age of thirteen and to become engaged to Prince Andrei Bolkonsky at seventeen, to plan an elopement with the rake Anatole and to marry in the end Pierre Besukhov. Such flighty behavior and inconstancy would tend to show her in the light of a frivolous girl and one would think that it would not be very safe for a man to entrust his honor into the hands of such a butterfly. But nothing can be farther from truth than such an inference. It is the yearning after the ideal, as Thackeray puts it in his prosaic way, that makes such a strong character as Natasha's inconstant in her girlhood. As wives they are unequalled for devotion to their homes and are the best of mothers; the inexhaustible love of their rich natures is lavished upon their beloved husbands and children. The same inconstancy is also noticed in Kitty (Anna Karenina) who first falls in love with Levin, then with Vronsky. When jilted by the latter her old love for Levin returns and she makes the best of wives and the best of mothers for his children. Masha (Family Happiness), who had not met any other young men before her marriage apart from her fiancé, shows a tendency to flirtations after she has become a mother but it is only a passing weakness. Mariana (Cossacks), the wild child of the Caucasus, who is deeply in love with the illiterate but valiant horse-thief Lukashka, encourages the advances of the rich officer Olenin, but when Lukashka is mortally wounded Olenin finds that all his wealth cannot buy her love and that she will never consent to marry him.

But if Natasha, Kitty, Masha, Liza are his ideals and Mariana is the subject of his admiration, there is another type in his works, a type which he regards with a feeling short of worship, and, in fact, it is the best type of humanity. This is Princess Mary Bolonsky (War and Peace). She is one of those rare women from whom saints are recruited. Her inquisitive mind is searching for the eternal truth and finds it in religion. Her beloved dream is to become a pilgrim to holy places and exchange the life of wealth and plenty for one of want and suffering in order to be more imbued with the love of God. Her mind is so chaste, her soul so pure that she cannot imagine other people

doing any wrong even when it is committed before her very eyes. When Anatole, who had been courting her, is accidentally encountered by her in the garden with her French governess clasped in his arms, the feeling which that scene awakens in her heart is one of great pity for the poor French girl whom she believes to have fallen in love with him and she thinks it her duty to help her with a dowery. And when the wrong-doings of others are so obvious that there can be no other explanation for them she does not find any blame for them in her heart as she considers them only as frail instruments in the hands of God.

But even such an ideal specimen of femininity would be blighted if she would not fulfill her highest mission — *i. e.*, get married and become a mother. Though resigned to the fate of an old maid, because she was very homely, she now and then returns to the dream of family happiness, and it is most significant that at the death-bed of her father the first thought that strikes her is that now she will be free to marry, and the latent instinct of motherhood stifles all other thoughts.

According to Tolstoy a rich, spiritual life is not sufficient for a woman to place her on the height of her calling—she must also have a husband and have children. And because of this idea about women, Tolstoy could not look for his positive feminine characters in that sphere which inspired Turgenev and the other best Russian writers. He had no sympathy nor love in his heart for the typical Russian girl who neglected her greatest mission for an activity for which she was not created. Tolstoy is not wholly satisfied with *das ewig Weibliche* in woman; what appeals most to him and is of the greatest, vital consequence is the mother in the woman. In speaking of Levin (*Anna Karenina*) who is the personification of himself, he says: "He [Levin] not only could not imagine love for a woman outside of marriage, but he pictured to himself first the family and then only the woman who would give him that family."

BERNARD GORIN.

New York City.

ASTROPHEL, THE PURITAN

In "the vain amatorious poem of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' " Princess Pamela offers in her distress a prayer, of which these sentences are a part:

Let my faults by Thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of Thy Justice. But yet, my God, if in Thy Wisdom, this be the aptest chastisement for my inexcusable folly, if this low bondage be fitted for my overhigh desires, if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield it to Thy Will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow Thou wilt have me suffer.

The appropriate words gave some comfort to Charles the First on the eve of his execution; a pathetic circumstance which the Puritans were glad to use to his discredit, Milton, among them, writing censoriously of a king so frail as to quiet his last agony by an invocation at once the supposed prayer of a heathen and part of a vain, erotic fiction. So far had the moral temper of England changed in the half century which separated Sidney from Cromwell!

Much stress is laid on the vigour of the later period, so that we have almost forgotten that the earlier had its own graceful and not less vigorous principles of conduct. We have come to regard Sidney and his friends only as men of the world, or as scholars, to turn anywhere rather than to the sonnets of Astrophel for the sweeter flowers of English morality. Nevertheless, a few blossoms of an attractive sort may be found just there by those interested in this sort of growth.

Although a charming courtly playfulness of love mingles in Sidney's verse, with earnestness of aspiration and simplicity of vision, the separate qualities are not blended in his mind, as blood and judgment are blended in Shakespeare's heart. Some of the sonnets are like rival poets' phrases inextricably tangled in one rhyme-system. Here he smiles down certain faults of style:

Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That, bravely masked, their fancies may be told;
Or Pindar's apes flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enamelling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold.

Here he is the exemplar (a most impeccable one) of the same faults:

Queen Virtue's Court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure.
Gold is the covering of that stately place.

And so with the door of coral, the locks of pearl, until the end of the fourteenth line is achieved. To be sure, such divergence of resolution and performance is not without charm; but, after the admission of the undeniable, one agrees that the poems and passages which bring one nearest the altitude of Shakespeare are those of moral conflict rather than courtly playing. Not quite to the Shakesperean height. Shakespeare did not need to turn from passion to be strong; he, and he alone, knew love from its lowest saurian slime to its blossoming in the highest heaven of the thrice-chastened heart; whether ruled by desire or by reason, he was all love. Sidney had to turn from love to find his noblest self.

Even before he was capable of that great renunciation, it is in calm reasoning, rather than in his splendid playing, that he is most capable of utterance which takes hold. There is a certain well-known passage:

If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well staid with truth in word and faith in deed,
Ready of wit and fearing naught but shame;
If that be sin which in fixed hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be!

Let that fine response to an anxious friend be read with some of the stronger love-phrasing, with this, for one:

But finding not those restless flames in me
Which others said did make their souls to pine,
I thought those babes of some pin's hurt did whine,
By my soul judging what love's pain might be.
But while I thus with this young lion played,
Mine eyes—shall I say curst or blest?—beheld
Stella; now she is named need more be said?

"But while I thus with this young lion played!" The lines include that fine one, but one fine line will not let them stand

by the other verses with those whose hearts know Shakespeare's love.

This turning away from dalliance to calm reason is seldom accomplished without graceful insurgence. He would dream of a realm of love over which reason had no control, prayed conscience to abdicate one little corner of his heart, for her rule, at the least, is so wide. Love is good, he would say, even as virtue is lovely. Virtue shall see in love a kindred monarch with whom she cannot be at enmity. But woe's me! the treachery of one of the emperors is wide noted, and it were best to let conscience speak for herself. The rebels to nature, she will say, those who do not obey the law sunlit in their hearts, strive for their own destruction, strive for an illusion, for a painted idol thing, but so sweet—how or why, do you or I know, or the next man we may encounter? He is an idol; we have made him; he has never come down from heaven, is no great god, not even a heathen light or life-giver; he is only our poor fool's-dream; yet (and here is a touch by which Sidney is separated from the later Puritans) we have made him, and we can but adore him.

Then Sidney was not only in love with love, but with that other idol, a woman. And his opinion of that woman, whether true or false, casts a light into his own heart. Stella may well have been worthy of his ideal. While her subsequent life does not suggest a woman afraid of the too-intimate touch of love, she may indeed have reached that questionable fortitude too late to mend or mar her first lover's happiness. Was she a far-off lover of love, whose eyes are wet with old tales, even while the timorous heart dares not beat too fast for the love which waits at the gate? Perhaps! that was the fashion of Astrophel's heart, and the heart of his great race.

The Continental objects to English morality because the Puritan Englishman is willing to quiet rebellious instincts by half-indulgence—a sort of moral inoculation against the fiercer maladies of the soul, an appeasing which may or may not be effective according to the nature of the hunger it quiets or quickens. Much of Cromwell's policy, and a few dark places in the fair fame of Milton, become clearer if we look to Sidney for our interpreter.

He is also of his race, and the Puritan element in it, by the sudden flights of unexpected feeling from a nature generally quiescent:

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feelst a lover's case.

Though there is a chill across the page in the courtly complaining which follows, this is as genuine a longing, as sweet a part in the harmony of the unattainable as ever sung out of an aching heart. The music dies, the cry cannot be sustained for fourteen lines; but it comes again and again; very soon, in one pure line:

That I had been more foolish or more wise!

His courage is of a finer quality than the courage which we most often think of as Puritan; it includes a willingness to treat his high resolves and human lapses with the same candour:

Virtue awake! Beauty but beauty is;
I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that which it is gain to miss.
Let her do! Soft, but here she comes! Go to,
Unkind, I love you not! O me! that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie!

Our English mind seems to be losing this power of dealing comprehensively with conduct; we either turn away from moral questions as tiresome things not be expressed without over-nasality, or else we fasten our eyes zealously upon one side of them, and are afraid of comprehensive thought in the matter where comprehensive thought is of the greatest moment. But Sidney was of an earlier day:

So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good,
But ah, Desire still cries, 'Give me some food!'

Such candour, far removed as it is from the boastfulness of evil hearts, is full of charm; for it does not banish the high

ideal of Sidney's character which the world has always possessed to realize the full import of his confessions. Whatever inference may be drawn from them to derogate from the honour of the poet is blotted out by what he lets be seen of Stella's own opinion of him. Her conduct during that difficult wooing was dignified and wisely constrained. While it may be doubted if Sidney's heart ever made in good earnest the choice of Anthony, his protestations were made to another man's wife, confessedly in love with him; it is superfluous to say that they were perilous in such circumstances. Stella might easily have made more of them than charming phrases. Her love for Sidney seems, however, to have been so tinged with reverence that she dared not lower herself to his secret heart. Sidney, the knight beyond reproach rather than Sidney the courtier, was somehow the Sidney she saw and loved; and she resisted the importunity of the lesser man that she might be worshipped by the greater. The woman he loved saw in Astrophel what the world saw in him then and sees in him now, the man of honour and grace, the man of delicate conscience.

You know how large a share of life Arnold distributed to the realm of conduct — full three-fourths. As a matter of fact, conduct, largely considered, is nearly all of life: we are always doing well, or ill, or indifferently. But conduct, if we mean by that our conscientious adjustment to nature and society, has, perhaps, so small a part of life that ancestral prejudice might be unkindly jostled if people could be made to realize quite how small it is! How often do you or I act with reference to nature's or society's demands? We adjust ourselves to those demands, it is true, in a rough way; but it is largely an instinctive, quite conscienceless adjustment. But conduct is interesting. It was interesting to men of Sidney's stamp above all. The English Renaissance blended the dawn-song of Italy with the rude awakening of the North. It gave a fervour to the delicacy of the South, replaced the bloodthirsty zeal of Scotland by amenity. It was not weak in morality; but it was calm enough to recognize that conscious morality is not three-fourths of life; it could stand aside and study conduct as a most seriously engaging comedy. One side of this pleasant awakening was

indeed the Puritan sense for righteousness, a sense which became more and more morbid, less and less comprehensive. Sidney, like Spenser and Chapman, among Renaissance Englishmen, stands with the Puritan, but with the earlier Puritan, to whom breadth of view was not impossible. He is not blinded by that little facet of life which the later Puritan saw fit to emphasize, nor too anxious to save his own soul. The spirit of revolt, the desire to see the other sides of life, however one may become bewildered in the confusing gleams, Hawthorne imagined to remain, long after Sidney's day, among the bitter sectaries of New England. This spirit, this desire, strains at the leash in Sidney's verse as it strained in the ardent heart of Hester Prynne. If fate had not been so kind, if Stella had preferred the courtier to the Christian, perhaps — it is reverently said — perhaps he, too, might have found in his weakness a consecration of its own.

A large *perhaps!* The gods spoke otherwise. What they kept back until their day was failure in desire, success in conscience; and two sonnets nearer Shakespeare than any other which I know (compared by the wise to Shakespeare's two superb sonnets on Lust and Death, and of kindred theme) reveal in what mood he bade the last farewell to love. One may say he bade farewell to love; for these sonnets breathe a finer spirit than the love of this earth, the fervour of a purified spirit for a kindred soul.

In one his own poor instinct is laid bare with a sense of truth such as only great men possess. That he has yielded his soul to the tyranny of desire is confessed with simplicity; there is no whimpering overwrought remorse, but calm words of penitence; and the close is an eloquent triumph. This sonnet, though not so well known as its companion, will ever seem finer to the humanist. To the Christian, the other farewell to love, with its splendid appeal to a higher love, may yield more consolation; and he will forgive those final words of regret — half renunciation, as of a life-satisfied Pagan about to quit the light of day and love:

Splendidis Longum Valedico Nugis.

Washington, D. C.

JAMES BRANNIN.

ANDREW LANG'S "THE MYSTERIES OF HISTORY" *

(By ÉMILE FAGUET)

Mr. Andrew Lang has contributed to the English magazines a dozen articles on certain obscure points of modern history; and the searticles have been extremely popular. M. Téodor de Wyzewa has translated them into a very pure and elegant French.

These historical mysteries are as follows: The "Iron Mask" (you were probably expecting that), "Kaspar Hauser," "Jacques de la Cloche," "The Count of Saint Germain," "The Conspiracies of the Gowries," "The Assassination of Escovedo," etc.

But you will say: "There is no Louis XVII!"

"No, there is no Louis XVII."

"What sort of volume can be written on the mysteries of history without a Louis XVII?"

"It does seem difficult; but for all that this book of Andrew Lang's has its interest. One must not ask too much. One must not even ask what one would seem certain of receiving. Even that is indiscretion."

In general, in the treatment of his historical mysteries, Mr. Andrew Lang inclines toward the solution which is farthest removed from the legend. He believes that it is safer to assume the minimum of romanticism in history.

Thus, Kaspar Hauser has been considered as the son of a duke, the son of a margrave or the son of Napoleon First. According to Mr. Andrew Lang — and he proves it very well — Kaspar Hauser is merely an hysterical imposter who said not a word of truth during his three years' residence in Nuremberg; who made out of whole cloth the most effective romance possible, a romance, that is, which is neither systematic nor consecutive, but is constructed simply of vague hints that each

* An appreciation of one of the ablest of living English writers by the most eminent contemporary French critic should be read with interest by thoughtful Americans. The original of this article appeared in a late number of *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*.

hearer binds together to suit himself; flatly self-contradictory, moreover, from one sentence to the next.

He was probably an ordinary young peasant, who left his parents for one reason or another, perhaps because the itch for wandering troubled him, and who tried to prepossess the good burghers of Nuremberg by brigand inventions and the irresistible charm of mystery.

As for his strange death, Mr. Andrew Lang is persuaded that he committed suicide. He shows that Kaspar Hauser had more than once before inflicted injury on himself to attract attention and sympathy. The last time he probably struck a little too hard and a little too truly. On this last point Mr. Lang's argument is less convincing and his proofs less abundant. He leaves me in doubt, and I believe he is not quite sure himself.

As for the "Iron Mask," the principal thought of Mr. Lang is still the same. It has been conjectured that the Iron Mask was a brother of Louis XIV, a minister of Louis XIV, a prominent political character, or Molière; a more modest guess has named him an insignificant Italian diplomat, Mattioli. This sounds more reasonable, being less romantic.

But suppose we become less romantic still? Suppose we assume that the Iron Mask was a mere servant? That would seem still more likely to be true, being still more commonplace. "The humble truth," said Maupassant. It seems that the truth can never be humble enough to satisfy Mr. Lang.

And in fact he proves to us convincingly enough that though Mattioli may have had a mask of iron—or of velvet—he died in 1694 (which seems extremely likely) and that the Iron Mask—that is, the velvet mask—followed by the restless eyes of history till 1703 and dying at Paris, in the Bastille, during that year, must be another.

And what other? A certain Martin, merely. Only a valet of Roux de Marsilly, named Martin, and the possessor, after the death of his master the only possessor, of certain important secrets.

And I must admit that the thesis is well maintained and pre-

sented with a great air of plausibility. This valet of tragedy is very interesting, in any case, and if he was what Mr. Lang believes him to have been, his vanity must have been amply satisfied. Imprisoned in the next cell, at Sainte-Marguerite and at Pignerol, to Fouquet and Mattioli, and conscious that, common prisoner as he is, he is much more important than Mattioli and Fouquet; conscious perhaps (why not?) that he is vaguely suspected of having once worn a crown — and repeating to himself:

"Je m'appelle Martin et ne suis qu'un valet;

but I count for much more, in the plans, the fears and the instructions of M. de Louvois, than these *grands seigneurs* that surround me," that certainly must have flattered his feeling of conscience not a little.

And yet it is true, if Mr. Lang is not mistaken, that it was not until two hundred years and more after his death that the lines could be written:

*Le masque tombe; un valet reste
Et le heros s'évanouit.*

This Iron Mask, in the last analysis, is for Mr. Lang a character represented by two persons: Mattioli and Martin each played his part. "The fortunes of the two men have been combined in a single myth." Very well! we have another double character, this one really of noble birth. He was Jacques de la Cloche. This Jacques de la Cloche was almost certainly a natural son of the King of England, Charles II. But here is the question: Did he die obscurely, under a Jesuit robe; or, having been a Jesuit earlier, did he throw himself into a career of adventure, checkered with imprisonments and drubbings, and die an unbeliever?

Some think that the Jesuit and the adventurer were one, others that the adventurer is only a false Smerdis, a false Dmitri, a false de la Cloche in short, who assumed the rôle of the son of Charles II, posed as the Pretender, and lived the short and violent life I have mentioned.

The question remains extremely doubtful. It is certain enough that the Jesuit disappears absolutely from history, so com-

pletely that he is never mentioned again, at the very moment when the adventurer from Naples appears. It is certain enough that many statements made by the adventurer from Naples have been recognized as perfectly accurate and as being such as might very easily have been made by the Jesuit. It is certain enough that the very things which made the Neapolitan adventurer's identity doubtful, serve in the last analysis to confirm it; that for example, it was said at the time: "He claims to be an English prince, and he does not know a word of English!" whereas this very Jacques de la Cloche, the young Jesuit, born in Jersey, knew no other language than French, etc.

But, on the other hand, there is a certain testament left by this Neapolitan adventurer which indicates a man who knows nothing of affairs in England, of the affairs of the Royal Family, nor, so to speak, of himself, if he were the son of Charles II, and which, on the whole, is a model of absurdity.

What are we to think? "We must be honest and doubt," said Mérimée, who I am sure would have taken the keenest pleasure in reading Mr. Lang's captivating volume.

There are cases, however, when Mr. Lang scorns to doubt; when he expresses his convictions most decidedly. He has the levellest head a man could well boast. He is not determined to find a solution, and where there is no solution he does not insist that there is one; but when his opinion is settled, he does not, on the other hand, affect an elegant scepticism. Thus, he has coolly reversed the contemporary judgment in the case of Elizabeth Canning.

This Elizabeth, whom it is possible that you do not know, (and to tell the truth, I have not known her very long myself), this Elizabeth was a girl of limited responsibility, as the doctors put it, that is, not very intelligent, but very good and honest, in repute for uprightness and carefulness of speech, so that there was no reason for suspecting her *a priori* of falsehood. This Elizabeth, on the first of January, 1753, left her mother and her little brothers to go and visit her aunt. She did not return till the 29th of January, emaciated, livid, bloody, ragged, half dead. What was her story? That she had been struck,

dazed, dragged and carried off by two men who met her in Bishopsgate Street, then held prisoner for twenty-eight days in a horrible building, where she was kept in sight by four women and young girls of vicious appearance, maltreated by them and fed as little as possible; that she had succeeded, the 29th of January, in escaping by leaping from her window to a cart shed. She was asked: "Was it at the Wells woman's place?" and she agreed that it was at the Wells woman's. She described the house, not badly, but insufficiently. They took her there. She seemed to recognize the place, it must be confessed; but she did not seem absolutely certain, it must be confessed also.

It was finally decided to give her story provisional credence and to arrest two of the four women. One, whom the evidence pointed to as the principal offender, was condemned to death, the other to be branded. A reprieve was granted because very vigorous protestations were raised against the sentence, among others by the Lord Mayor. An alibi was proven — or *almost* proven, — by the principal defendant, and she, as well as her supposed accomplice, was released.

And now it was Elizabeth's turn to be accused of "false witness and perjury." She was condemned to seven years of exile in New England. She married honestly there, and died in 1773.

Mr. Lang is convinced that she told the exact truth. He considers her condemnation as the height of folly. He says, very cleverly, that Elizabeth Canning "was the victim of the celebrated *common sense* of the eighteenth century. The history she told was strange, and it is one of the principles of *common sense* that what is strange cannot be true."

I am less confident than he. Understand me: I am convinced that in this affair it was impossible to condemn the Wells woman and her friend. In order to convict those women, it would have been necessary for Elizabeth to *prove* that her sequestration story was true. Now it must be admitted that she did not succeed in proving it. All the credence that Mr. Lang allows her report rests on the fact that she was a very good girl. Very well; but that is not sufficient. She was a very good girl, but subject to fits of *absence* (do not find a play on

words, I beg you) in consequence of a wound on the head which she had received in childhood. We dare not accept implicitly everything she says. Then, in order to believe her, we must have proof. We must agree that she proved nothing. Therefore, there was no reason for condemning the Wells woman and her friend, however little sympathy we may feel with their characters in general; and the Lord Mayor of 1753 was right.

But, on the other hand, to condemn Elizabeth would be just as unreasonable, if not more so. She certainly told what she believed to be the truth and what may have been the truth, — but what may also have been false; although there is no reason for doubting her sincerity. She was absolutely innocent. The magistrates and jurors of 1754 were not victims of their *common sense*, as Mr. Lang says; they were victims of their logical faculty, of a rigorous logic, narrow and miserable, which has done much harm in this world.

They (I take them *en bloc*) condemned the Wells woman and her friend. It is proven to them that they have done so without sufficient evidence. They acquit them. Very well. But they tell each other:

"Now then, if the Wells woman is not guilty, it is Elizabeth who is guilty, — guilty of perjury.

And they feel themselves bound by the inexorable law of that syllogism. But the syllogism is folly. Real life had not the rigor of such logic. You acquitted the Wells woman. That does not say she was innocent. It says simply that her guilt was not sufficiently proven. Elizabeth did not tell the truth. That is to say, she did not prove her statements; but we have no reason for assuming that she lied. She may have imagined all she told, in perfect good faith.

Must the fear of contradiction lead us — and here is the tyranny of logic! — to conclude that, because it is not proven that one party is guilty, it is proven that the other party *is* guilty? O logic, logic, how much hast thou to answer for!

The only word in this affair was *non liquet*; and when *non liquet*, the only solution is to convict no one.

.

Another case, more curious still, is the Harrison affair. Oh, this one is ineffable! Did you ever read the English novel in which a man who has been hanged for assassinating somebody meets his victim on the street and offers him a glass of beer? The Harrison story is almost as remarkable, and it has the merit of being true.

Harrison, farmer of the Viscountess Camden, starts out one morning for a neighboring village to collect some rents, and disappears.

They find on the road his comb, broken, his hat torn, and his cravat, stained with blood. Of his body, not a trace.

His servant, Perry, told some fantastic stories, terribly compromising for himself, his mother and his brother, without, however, confessing anything; but there was enough in his stories, if they were taken seriously, to condemn a whole family, or a whole clan, for that matter.

They were taken seriously. Perry, his mother and his brother were brought before the judge. They defended themselves stupidly. They denied the murder; but they confessed a certain robbery of which they were innocent, which was taken as a sort of half confession of murder. In the end they were all three condemned to be hanged, and they were all three hanged. As the sequel of the story will prove, Perry was crazy, and that was the solution of the whole affair.

Some months after the hanging—that is about two years after the disappearance of Harrison—the murdered man came quietly home again. His explanation of his absence was amazing. While returning from the village, he had been met on the road by two horsemen, who had carried him off, hammered him with their swords, filled his pockets with gold, taken him to a seaport, where he had been put on board a vessel, captured by corsairs, sold as a slave among the Turks, treated severely and beaten like plaster by a Turkish gentleman who owned him, a man of eighty-seven years who was still strong as a Turk; then he had escaped and come back.

He was crazy too. Everybody in this affair is crazy. Crazy or stupid liar, he was at least still alive. Three innocent victims had been hanged.

But the cravat, and the comb, and the hat? thrown down on the road, no doubt, to divert suspicion; for the cravat was bloody, but there was no trace of blood on the road. Thrown down by whom? That is what no one knows. By Harrison's kidnappers, if he was kidnapped; by Harrison himself or an accomplice of Harrison's, if he simply took French leave.

Mr. Lang supposes that Harrison was carried off and kept in durance by some one to whose interest it was that Harrison, depository of some political secret, should disappear for a time. A rather romantic hypothesis, and Mr. Lang has here inclined toward the romantic more than he ordinarily does and in absolute contradiction to his rule of action, which is to exclude romance and legend obstinately from these affairs. I should be inclined to believe in a simple flight of Harrison's for entirely private reasons. The story he told on returning seems rather the contrivance of an ignorant, narrow mind which lacks inventive power, than one that intelligent or semi-intelligent men might have dictated or suggested to him.

.

The book is amusing in a remarkable degree. It proves the hackneyed saying: "Would you have extraordinary stories, in the manner of Edgar Allan Poe and Hoffmann? They are not hard to find. Look over the pages of history. The true surpasses all the inventions of men's brains."

Translated by R. T. HOUSE.

Weatherford, Oklahoma.

POLITICAL SCIENCE IN SOUTHERN UNIVERSITIES *

The object of all education is good citizenship. The justification of higher education by the state, if any is needed, is to be found in the training of the more capable for leadership that they in turn may raise the people as a whole to a higher standard. To this end have been provided normal schools for the training of teachers, agricultural schools for the training of scientific farmers, technological schools for skilled mechanics and engineers, and law schools for the training of lawyers. Any one who has gone through any of these schools is the better equipped for citizenship by reason of his equipment in one line. Yet there is a field of service requiring for its proper performance no mean order of training which is quite generally neglected in the Southern States. I refer to the business of statecraft.

It may be suggested that the law school provides for this, but such a proposition is hard to maintain. The lawyer studies to learn what the law is and how it is administered in the courts, only incidentally to learn what it ought to be. Besides, there is a wide field of administrative law which lies almost wholly outside the province of the ordinary lawyer. But, even if true, only a limited number ever take the law course and the most of these with no definite purpose of entering the public service. The non-officials among them generally study problems from the personal point of view—for their own interest or that of their clients. For this reason a broader study is needed, such as may be found in courses devoted to the science and practice of government.

Such a proposition ought to be self-evident in a democracy, yet we have been somewhat slow to realize it. In the old days the South had a sort of passion for politics. The public service,

*THE SEWANEE REVIEW for July, 1906, published an article by Prof. W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins University on "Political Science as a University Study." THE REVIEW offers the present paper as a further admirable illustration of the practical application of principles and theories there laid down.—THE EDITOR.

culminating in a position at Washington, was thought to be par excellence the calling of a gentleman, and a noble service did many render. Their knowledge of certain fields of history was perhaps as profound as that of any of their contemporaries; in the theory of government they were even better equipped. The chief trouble lay in the fact that they lacked breadth of view and flexibility of policy to meet new conditions. They looked to, almost worshipped, the past and sought to curb the future by the past instead of seeking to give it broader scope by a study of present conditions with a view to improving upon the past and the present.

The key-note of practically all that is now written about the South is that tremendous possibilities lie out before her, first of all in industrial lines. Development along industrial lines will raise new and larger problems in government. The chief trouble in American civic life to-day is that our industrial development has outrun our science of government. How the latter is to catch up with the former is now the problem. Development along industrial and educational lines will also mean a larger share in the affairs of the nation and of world politics. The part we are to play will not be determined wholly by mere numbers and wealth, but by our wealth in able and well-trained men.

In an article published elsewhere several years ago the writer made certain observations on the business of statecraft and pointed out the needs of special training for this calling. He even suggested a school for statesmen. Gladstone, the peer, if not the superior, of any statesman of the nineteenth century, had no training in any such school, but he is said to have been carefully instructed by his father in the science of government from the age of twelve and he entered the public service at an early age and worked his way up. Special schools may not be needed to turn out statesmen, but certainly the state owes certain obligations in this respect. These obligations it may discharge by a proper ordering of institutions already established, namely, our universities. What are these doing to train men for statecraft?

The border states may be treated separately. In Maryland

the Johns Hopkins University, which is not a state institution, lays most emphasis on its graduate work. There are separate departments for history, political science, and economics. In history there are four men and in political science one, besides noted lecturers who give special lectures for short periods during the academic year. Courses in constitutional history are given in the department of history. The courses in political science are not numerous, but they are in charge of a noted teacher and are well ordered for the training of men for professional work and for the public service, especially in its higher branches. At the other extreme, geographically, is Missouri, with a department of political science and public law in charge of two men. The courses are varied and are such as would give practical training for public service, especially in state and municipal government. The state institutions of Kentucky and Virginia may be dismissed with the remark that they seem to do practically nothing along this line.

Oklahoma lies below the old line 36° 30', was settled largely by Southern people, and is generally classed as a Southern State. In matters of government it is making some experiments which are being watched with interest throughout the country. The University of Oklahoma deserves special mention as one that maintains a department of political science entirely separate from any other. Excellent courses are offered in the theory of government and in studies preparatory for the higher branches of public service, but, in a such a progressive State, one is surprised to find so little relating to state and municipal government.

Outside the border states, the universities of Texas and Louisiana are the only institutions which ostensibly maintain separate departments of political science, and even there the separation is not complete, for economics is included with it. The combination is not a common one, but perhaps not altogether unscientific, for government and industrial life touch each other at almost every turn. Of the other institutions considered in this discussion, some maintain departments of history and political science or history and economics (or political economy), while others apply the term history

only, though a little political science and economics may be taught. Only a few maintain separate departments of economics.

The accompanying table will serve to illustrate the work done in these states in political science and closely allied subjects.

STATE OR INSTITUTION	Constitutional History		Constitutional Law or Comparative Govts.	State Govts.	Munic. Govt.	Admin. Law	Public Finance	Politics	Polit. Theories	Internat. Law	Diplomacy	Civil Law	Jurisprudence	Teachers	Students
	U. S.	Eng.													
Alabama	1.5	1.5	1	319
Arkansas	3	3	1.5	1	1.5	1	1.5	1.5	1.5	4	592
Florida	3	a	1.5	1	72
Georgia	1.5	3	?	...	3	341
Louisiana	1.5 ^b	...	1.5	1.5	1.5	1.5	...	1.5	3	1	1.5	5	447
Mississippi	2	3 ^c	3	?	2	4	301
North Carolina	5	2	2	3	537
South Carolina	3	a	1.5	2	245
Tennessee	2	...	3 ^b	1	...	1	2	536
Texas	3	3	3	...	3	3	2	...	3	3	12	1282
Central Univ. (Ky.)	3	1	2	2	2	153
Mercer	1.5	...	3	1	254
Univ. of South	1.5	...	1.5	?	1	124
Trinity	3	3	1.5	?	?	...	5	261
Tulane	?	...	3	3	4	558

The numbers under the courses stand for hours throughout the year:

? Uncertainty as to hours or exact nature of the course.

a Only in connection with constitutional law.

b In addition, courses in actual (American) government.

c A mixture of sociology, comparative governments, and state governments.

The state schools, of which most may reasonably be expected, are placed first. As a great deal of the higher education in the South is given by church schools, they also have been considered. Certain ones have been selected as fairly representative perhaps a little above the average, of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist schools, and Tulane has been included as an undenominational institution.

A few courses appear in the table which, strictly speaking, do not belong to the province of political science. Of such is constitutional history, but it is very essential as a foundation for political science and certainly the institutions which give no

further work along this line should be credited with that much. Public finance is a subject most commonly given by the department of economics, but the term is somewhat inclusive and certainly the law of taxation might very properly be treated as a subject of political science. Indeed, the whole question of finance, including the administrative features, is so vital to any well-ordered government that it might well be treated as an art and a science to be taught along with the other arts and sciences of government.

Under the teaching force the total of all men in the departments of history, political science, and economics has been included. This seemed to be the only fair means of comparison, since in some institutions all of the work is thrown together.

Owing to different methods of classification in the different institutions a little difficulty was experienced in getting the exact number of students, but it is believed that the numbers given are approximately correct. An effort was made to eliminate all in professional schools, such as law and medicine, but students in scientific, technological, and agricultural courses are included, as in some institutions they are free to elect political science.

In regard to the courses offered, the table speaks for itself. One cannot but feel that the important subjects of state and municipal government, which come closest home to most citizens, hardly receive the attention they deserve. International law is a very attractive subject and is indispensable to one who expects to serve abroad, either in the diplomatic or consular service. Constitutional history seems to be a general favorite. Several of the institutions left blank give courses in United States history, but they were omitted from the table because not specified as constitutional. Probably their courses are not essentially different from many of those included. As previously remarked, such courses are essential to further work in political science, but, when no further work is offered, care should be taken that they do not lead to constitution worship and end in finely-spun theories about the rights of the states versus the rights of the nation.

After a careful study of the table one leaves it with a doubt as to whether the universities in the South are doing full justice to the important subject of political science, or, with the exception of three or four, as much as might reasonably be expected of them under present conditions. Certainly there is yet room for a wide development of this subject and it is to be hoped that it will be included in the next scheme of expansion for most of our colleges and universities.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

The University of Arkansas, Fayetteville.

THE UNCONSCIOUS TREND TOWARD SOCIALISM

In the debate at Leipsic in 1519, Eck, the papal advocate, pointed out the essential similarity between the religious views of Martin Luther and those of Wycliffe and Huss which had been condemned by the Council of Constance as heretical. Luther, who had previously abhorred Huss and Wycliffe, was now forced to admit that the Council had condemned some thoroughly Christian teachings; and so, shortly after the debate, he wrote to friends: "We are all Hussites without knowing it; yes, Paul and St. Augustine were all good Hussites."

Without pressing the analogy too far, the recent development of American politics along three converging lines seems to justify the belief that there is a serious possibility of our becoming good Socialists without knowing it. If the essence of Socialism is the looking to Government for the regulation of everything affecting social welfare, it must be admitted that at least we have been and are still making rapid strides toward the goal of Socialism. This unconscious but significant trend of American politics is revealed in the appearance of the New Federalism, in the increase of the avowedly Socialistic vote, and in the political activity of organized Labor.

The years between the close of Reconstruction in 1876 and the free silver campaign of 1896 constitute a transitional period in the history of American politics. The old issues over a strict or liberal construction of the Constitution, over States' Rights and nationalism, over the questions growing out of the Civil War, over a tariff for protection or a tariff for revenue only—these by the year 1896 were either dead or moribund. To the doctrine of liberal constitution construction and to the principle of nationalism, the country had become irrevocably committed. The tariff had ceased to be a burning issue, for the country had become definitively committed to protection.

The new issues forging to the front in 1896 were distinctively questions of an economic and industrial nature. They related to the currency, to banking, to an income tax, to the re-

lations of labor and capital, to great corporate combinations, to government ownership, or at least governmental regulation, of railroads and telegraphs. These, and new problems of like nature, are still pressing for solution. They are the issues which have caused within both great parties a cleavage of greater seriousness and significance than the divergent views of official party leaders regarding the solution of these questions.

Of the issues in the impending presidential campaign the most striking characteristic is this: Taken in the aggregate, they invoke an extension of the powers of the Federal Government to a degree not only undreamed of by the Framers of the Constitution but also scarcely thought of at the close of Reconstruction. This extended sphere of Federal activity has been well denominated the New Federalism.

The parent of this New Federalism is the New Sectionalism which appeared in the presidential campaign of 1896. From the close of the Civil War down to the early nineties the western and eastern sections of the country had, in the main, been in close political alliance—the “solid South” standing in political isolation. The New Sectionalism of the early nineties was in reality only the renewal, under different conditions, of an old alliance between the West and the South which had endured for more than a generation before the Civil War. The New Sectionalism represents a cleavage dividing the older, wealthier, more populous, more conservative East from the less populous, less wealthy, less conservative, and younger States of the West acting in combination with the “solid South” where economic and industrial conditions in the early nineties closely resembled those prevailing in the West. Geographically, the New Sectionalism may be defined by a line drawn from the source of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Ohio, up the Ohio to the southwest corner of Pennsylvania, along the southern boundary of Pennsylvania and Maryland eastward to the coast. The eastern section included sixteen States with a population of about thirty-seven millions; the western and southern section, thirty States, having a population of about thirty-six millions. This classification includes in the eastern section the five de-

batable States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.¹

Chief among the significant characteristics of this new alliance between the South and the West has been, at one period or another, a cry for irredeemable paper money issued by the Federal Government—Greenbackism; loud and insistent demand for the free coinage of silver; persistent opposition to the issue of government bonds; bitter hostility to private banks of all kinds, coupled with a demand for the establishment of postal savings banks; a demand that the rich contribute more largely to the support of government through an income tax; an unrelenting hostility to railroads and to other great corporate combinations of capital, a strenuous advocacy of the so-called rights of labor. But the characteristic of chief significance has been the spontaneous, almost instinctive, looking to the Federal Government as the only source whence might come a panacea for the various maladies afflicting the body politic.

And far from accidental is this spontaneous appeal to the Federal Government on the part of the West. To understand the nature of this appeal, let us review the conditions which evoked it. Between 1887 and 1890 the West suffered a succession of crop failures. Farm products at the same time so declined in price that the western farmer's income was reduced to a minimum. Mortgages upon his farm could not be met when they matured. To prevent foreclosure the farmer would go to some bank in the vicinity to negotiate a loan. He was told that the demand for money was so great and the security which he had to offer so poor, that a loan could be made only at an extraordinary rate of interest, a rate which, to the farmer ignorant of the laws of the money market, appeared exorbitant. Short crops and low prices, coincident with exorbitant interest rates, naturally led the farmer to "reason why." Evidently the amount of money in the country was insufficient for the ordinary needs of the plain people. Therefore, said the farmer, let the Government issue more money, and keep on issuing it until there should be sufficient amount, say, \$50 per capita. Then

¹ See an article entitled "The New Sectionalism," by F. E. Haynes, in Tenth *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, 269 (1896.)

there were the great railroad corporations, now grown from mere pigmies into giant monopolies under the fostering and pampering care of the Federal as well as State governments. In both state and national politics they had long been actively interfering, corrupting State Legislators and Congressmen as well, until legislation had been secured behind which they were robbing the farmer of a large percentage of his hard-earned profits through excessive freight rates or by unjust discriminations between the large and the small shipper, between competitive and non-competitive shipping points. Therefore, reasoned the farmer, let the railroads be owned by the Federal Government and managed in the interest of the plain people and not for the private emolument of a corrupt and grasping plutocracy.

Heretofore, when hard times had brought distress upon the Western farmer, all that he had to do was to let his farm go upon foreclosure proceedings, and then pack up and start for the more remote West and there, for a mere song, stake out a new claim on the great public domain and begin life anew. But that avenue of escape from economic distress was practically closed in the early nineties. The steady and rapid westward movement of population had reduced to a minimum the area of public lands available to the home-seeker. This served to aggravate the other causes of discontent. Had not the Government granted vast areas of public land to the now hated railroads? Had not the equally hated capitalists of the eastern cities bought up vast tracts of public land which they were now holding out of reach of the bankrupt homeseeker? Were they not merely waiting for a rise in price? In the meantime they were not lifting a finger for the improvement of the land. From such conditions little relief could be expected from State legislatures. In the Federal Government alone hope seemed to rest. And Coxey's army moved on Washington.

Out of these conditions which the old party leaders could not or would not bestir themselves to alleviate, there emerged the Farmers Alliance, the Populist, and the Free Silver movements. Over the West and the South swept these movements in the early nineties, capturing the national organization of the Democratic party in 1896, striking terror into the hearts of the

Republican organization and melting old party lines as had no third party movement since the Civil War.

The readiness resembling the quickness of instinct with which these new movements appealed to the Federal Government is not difficult to explain. And the explanation of it will assist in disclosing the true significance of the New Federalism.

In the development of the life and thought of the West, the Federal Government has been most conspicuous. In the eyes of that section the importance of the national government has been magnified by federal legislation as in no other section. That there might be more and more land for the rapidly increasing number of westward emigrants, the Federal Government from the beginning has steadily sought to extinguish the Indian land titles and to secure the removal of Indian tribes farther and farther West. As the West grew in population a successful appeal was made to the Federal Government for aid in the construction of means of communication and transportation between the East and the West. As a result we have the great National Road from the Potomac to the Mississippi, constructed at national expense; Federal aid, direct and indirect to canal and turnpike and railroad companies; the construction of lighthouses and the dredging of rivers and harbors; the erection of vast levees along the lower Mississippi. Later, the West saw the Union Pacific railroad built across the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains by means of a government endowment of a land grant and a loan of millions of dollars. With peculiar joy the West hailed the enactment of federal preëmption and homestead laws, granting virtually free homes to the ambitious and energetic western emigrant. Government endowments of public land for the support of education have accompanied the creation of State after State. Tariff after tariff the West has seen enacted by the Federal Government, not merely to protect the eastern manufacturer but to afford a home market for the products of the western farmer. For the relief of Western debts, it has seen the Federal Government retaining as legal tender the greenbacks of the Civil War. The greenback agitation had scarcely died away when, amid the travail of hard times, ap-

peared the Free Silver agitation, the first-born child of Greenbackism.

Highly important also is it to remember in this connection the new relationship which the majority of the States now sustain to the Federal Government. In 1789 the States were the creators of the Federal Government. To-day the Federal Government is the creator of a majority of the States. With the exception of Vermont, Maine, Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas, all the States admitted to the Union since the adoption of the Constitution have literally been created by the Federal Government out of its imperial domain in the West. It is not surprising, therefore, that from these creatures of the Federal Government there came in 1896 the clearest, strongest and most persistent appeal for relief issuing from the Federal Government. It is quite natural that the most emphatic demands for the New Federalism to-day issue from the same source. No less natural is it that the few objections to the so-called federal encroachments upon the sphere of State activity come mainly from States which were the creators, not the creatures, of that Federal Government. The New Federalism is but another name for the "Roosevelt policies;" and Theodore Roosevelt is by temperament and by intimate personal contact the embodiment of the spirit of the West, and the interpreter of its needs and aspirations in a degree that has been true of no other President since the time of Andrew Jackson. Similarly may be explained Mr. Bryan's marvellous personal following — unparalleled since that of Henry Clay, the "Harry of the West."

Almost coincident with the appearance of the New Federalism there has been a remarkable growth of political Socialism in the United States. In France, Germany and recently in Great Britain, Socialists as a distinct party, or as a group within an older party, constitute a political factor of the first importance. In the United States, however, political parties assuming the name and principles of Socialism have in the past exerted very little influence outside of a few municipal elections. But it is now becoming evident that political Socialism must soon be reckoned with in American national politics. Eight years ago, 125,000 votes were cast for the two Socialist candi-

dates for President. In 1904, their vote rose to 433,000, a gain of almost 350 per cent, the highest per cent gain of any ticket. This occurred, moreover, in a period of unexampled prosperity, whereas Socialism breeds most rapidly in hard times. The Socialist vote in the coming election will therefore be watched with the keenest interest.

Interesting and significant is the per cent Socialist gain in different States. In three States, California, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, the gain was practically 400 per cent. In Iowa, it was over 500 per cent; while in Illinois, and Ohio, over 700 per cent; as compared with 300 per cent in New York, and 65 per cent in Massachusetts. It is noteworthy that with the exception of New York and Pennsylvania, the States having the largest gain were western States, and the debatable middle States of Illinois and Ohio, which still retain many of the essential characteristics of the West. The gain in New York and Pennsylvania is largely explained by the presence of a vast urban laboring population which is the first class reached by the socialist agitator.

It may never come to pass that a party boldly assuming the Socialist name and pledged to the full programme of Socialism will gain possession or control of the Government by displacing the two great parties of to-day. But there is much tending to produce the conviction that a gradual, an unconscious, but steady, socialistic permeation of the old parties is actually taking place at the present time, and that in the future this tendency will move at an accelerated pace. This unconscious trend towards Socialism is perhaps the most striking and significant feature of recent American politics. That it sustains a very close relationship to the New Federalism is not generally appreciated. The Farmers Alliance, the Populist and the Free Silver movements embodied demands which differed in name but not in essence from those made by the avowed Socialists of Europe. To the Federal Government these movements looked for everything in the nature of remedies for existing economic and industrial evils. And this looking to the Government is a characteristic feature of the Socialist programme the world over.

But with the passing of Populism and Free Silver has the

country ceased to look to the national government to ameliorate social and economic and industrial conditions? Is not this rather the very essence of the New Federalism? Review briefly a few illustrations of this tendency in very recent years. We have asked the Federal Government to guard the physical health of man and beast. As a result we have the federal quarantine, federal cattle and meat inspection, a federal pure food and drugs law. Soon we shall have a federal law regulating child labor. No sooner do the insidious ravages of the cotton-boll weevil appear than the Federal Government sends a score or more of its entomological sleuth-hounds hot upon the trail for the protection of the Southern cotton planters. Is a cyclone or blizzard or destructive frost impending? The Federal Weather Bureau sends its warning telegrams to every seaport, frontier settlement and orange grove in the country. In the use of the great steel highways of interstate commerce we have demanded equal opportunities for all, special favors for none. The result is a federal statute creating the Interstate Commerce Commission, prohibiting rebates and discriminations, and a statute conferring upon this Commission the power to fix maximum rates and to prescribe for common carriers a uniform system of book-keeping constantly open to government inspection. As consumers we have petitioned the Federal Government to protect us from the rapacity and oppression of the monopoly and the trust; and we have the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and its amendments. And now we are witnessing a vigorous movement for the federal regulation of all corporations engaged in interstate commerce. Shocked to discover the maladministration of the giant life insurance companies, we instantly entertained the suggestion of federal regulation of the life insurance business. Finding the railroads unable to handle the enormous increase in freight traffic, we are asking the Federal Government to appropriate fifty millions a year for a period of ten years for the improvement of our inland waterways, and thus to relieve the congestion in railway transportation. Does the reckless exploitation of our forests threaten a timber famine and devastation by floods? Congress creates the Bureau of Forestry. Does the American merchant marine languish? To stimulate it, Con-

gress is besought to pass a shipping subsidy bill. Does the rapid settlement of the West exhaust the available supply of arable public lands? Then the home-seeker must be provided for; and so the Federal Government embarks upon the most stupendous paternalistic undertaking of modern times, the Reclamation Service. Where is there the slightest indication that we are in any degree ceasing to look to the Government for remedial, preventive, and protective measures? The tendency is wholly in the opposite direction; with each year greater and greater demands are made upon the Federal Government. As one proof of this compare carefully the Republican and the Democratic platforms of this and preceding campaigns, and read the recent speeches of acceptance by Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan.

Last of all comes organized Labor making upon the Federal Government novel and startling demands. This brings us to the last of the three recent developments in politics to be discussed here, namely, organized Labor as a political force.

Until very recently labor organizations have almost wholly refrained from direct and official participation in politics. Their efforts have been mainly directed to the attainment of safer and more sanitary conditions, shorter hours, and a higher standard of living for the laborer, and better terms from employers. Appeals for such legislation as seemed essential to these ends have been made to State legislatures without reference to their political composition, rather than to Congress or by announcing a distinctive labor political programme with candidates favorable to Labor's demands. The principle upon which Union leaders have acted has been, "Keep politics out of the Union and the Union out of politics."²

Two years ago, however, this policy was completely reversed. The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor took a decisive step toward independent political action. At that time a manifesto was issued, declaring that—

"Congressmen and Senators in their frenzied rush after the almighty dollar have become indifferent to the rights of man.

² See an article entitled "Political Action and Trade Unionism," by W. MacArthur, in *Twenty-Fourth Annals of the American Academy*, 316 (1904).

They have had no time and no inclination to support the reasonable labor measures which we have urged and which contained beneficial features for all our people without an obnoxious provision to any one. We recommend that central bodies and local unions proceed without delay to the election of delegates to meet in conference or convention to formulate plans to further the interests of this movement; and, in accordance with the plan herein outlined, at the proper time and in the proper manner, nominate candidates who will unquestionably stand for the enactment into law of labor and progressive measures."

The plan of action here alluded to seems to have been embodied in the following recommendations by the Executive Council:

"Defeat all who have been hostile or indifferent to the demands of Labor.

"If both parties ignore the demands of Labor, a straight labor candidate should be nominated.

"The men who have shown themselves to be friendly to Labor, should be supported, and no candidate should be nominated against them."

In the Congressional campaign of 1906 the Federation of Labor, acting in close conformity to the above recommendations, marked for defeat, and strenuously opposed the re-election of Congressmen Charles E. Littlefield of Maine, and seventeen other Congressmen from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, irrespective of party and including Speaker Cannon. In most cases these attempts were unsuccessful. But it is significant that each Representative was returned by a greatly reduced majority. Furthermore, this was only the beginning of activity in national politics. We venture to say that future political contests will witness far greater activity on the part of organized Labor. Note the following item which appeared in the newspapers last May before the adjournment of Congress:

"Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, has notified labor unions throughout the country to adopt resolutions demanding that their representatives in Congress vote for the impending labor bills."

In the same item it was officially urged that labor unions adopt the following resolution:

"We pledge ourselves individually and collectively to the exercise of our fullest political and industrial activity now and in the future to the end that we may aid in the election of such candidates for President of the United States and Representatives in Congress and such other executive, legislative and judicial candidates for office as will safeguard and protect the common interests of the workers."

Were it not for the apparent lack of astute political leadership within the ranks of labor organizations at the present time, Labor might prove to be a decisive factor in the impending Presidential and Congressional election. Such leadership is, however, bound to appear sooner or later. However seriously Mr. Gompers may have blundered — and whether he has blundered is still open to question — in his attempt to commit organized Labor to the support of Mr. Bryan, the attempt itself is of very great significance, for it undoubtedly reflects the desires of a strong and growing element within the ranks of Labor organizations; and its practical effects may be more far-reaching than now appear to the outside observer. The present activity of Labor is no sudden phenomenon, but the outcome of years of agitation within labor organizations, and indicates that Labor as a political force is not altogether ephemeral.

On the whole the deepest significance of this political activity seems to lie, first, in the voting strength of organized Labor; and, secondly, in the close relation which this activity sustains to political Socialism. The American Federation of Labor includes more than a hundred national and international unions with a membership of over two millions. In close elections, if skillfully managed, it may hold the balance of power between the two great parties. The Federation now maintains headquarters in Washington, and has a strong legislative lobby to watch all bills in any way affecting the interest of Labor. This bureau keeps a list of Congressmen who have failed to support measures designed to meet the demands of Labor. How enviable is the position of Congressmen to-day, with the President wielding the big stick on one side, the corporate interests on the other threatening to withhold the old sinews of war, while in front stands organized Labor ready to hurl its anathema in the face of

him who dares disregard its behests! Easy, in comparison, rests the head that wears the crown.

The second significant feature of Labor's political activity in national politics may be seen in its list of grievances, of which it is seeking redress at the hands of the Federal Government. Labor complains that the eight-hour day has not been extended to all government work; that the eight-hour day has not been extended over the Panama Canal zone; that there is no Act of Congress protecting workingmen from the competition of prison labor; that immigration has not been sufficiently restricted; that the Chinese Exclusion Act is not strictly enforced and seems likely to be weakened; that injunctions have been unjustly issued by federal courts in industrial disputes to the great injury of the cause of the laborers; that punishments for violations of injunctions have been too summary and severe; that Labor has suffered from the application of the old common law fellow-servant doctrine to the complex conditions of modern industry; that the great interstate railroads have exacted from their employees too long continued hours of toil, resulting in great injury to the workers and loss of life and limb to the public; that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, as construed by the courts, prevents all combinations among laborers to raise wages and to improve the condition of the wage-earners.

Thus in organized Labor's bill of complaint appears that same appeal to the Federal Government for remedial legislation which characterizes the New Federalism, and savors strongly of Socialism. Furthermore, this bill of complaint and the political activity of labor organizations is indicative of another characteristic of political Socialism: a growing class-consciousness among wage-earners. The legislation demanded by Labor is distinctively class legislation in spirit, if not strictly so in law.

The chief significance, however, of Labor's political activity does not lie in this unconscious trend toward Socialism, but in the fact that it is really Socialism under a disguise. This fact should be well understood by all intelligent citizens.

In 1894 an attempt was made to commit the national conven-

tion of the American Federation of Labor to a political programme, the chief plank of which declared for "the collective ownership by the people of all means of production and distribution." This was a plain declaration for Socialism and was so regarded by members of the Convention, both opponents and advocates. The attempt, though unsuccessful then, has been renewed at each subsequent convention under slightly different forms and with the crafty omission of any direct mention of Socialism. At the convention of 1903 a similar attempt was voted down by delegates representing 1,128,000 members, as compared with delegates representing 214,000 members who favored a declaration favoring Socialism. In other words, twenty per cent of the members of the American Federation of Labor were ready in 1903 to avow openly Socialistic doctrines. There is good reason to believe that at the present time a very much higher per centage of members stand thus committed to Socialism.

Since 1900 official declarations favoring the collective ownership and operation of the means of production have been made by the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor and by similar conventions in Michigan, Iowa and Minnesota. From the central federated unions in large cities like New York, Cleveland, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Columbus, Erie, Wilkes-Barre and others, have come similar declarations. Likewise several national unions have in one way or another officially endorsed the Socialistic programme. A few years ago scarcely a labor newspaper or periodical could be induced to print matter at all favorable to Socialism. To-day no less than fourteen important leading trade union newspapers and journals are openly advocating Socialism, while nearly all such organs will now print in their columns articles and letters for or against Socialism. In the political activity of organized Labor therefore there is not only an unconscious but an increasingly conscious and deliberate trend toward Socialism.³

Thus the three most conspicuous of recent political develop-

³ See an article entitled "Socialistic Tendencies in American Trade Unions," by J. C. Kennedy, in *Fifteenth Journal of Political Economy*, 470 (1907).

ments, the New Federalism, the increase in the avowedly Socialistic vote, and the political activity of organized Labor — appear to be tending strongly toward the same goal — Socialism. If we were to venture upon the rôle of prophet, it would be for the purpose of suggesting that, to the future historian of American politics, at the opening of the twentieth century Mr. Gompers, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, yes, all of us, whether Republicans or Democrats, may appear as unconscious Socialists.

P. ORMAN RAY.

The Pennsylvania State College.

THE SOUTH AND MR. TAFT

[The Editor invited a number of Southern men, all Democrats by training and students of varying political tendencies, to express their views on the South in its relation to the Presidential candidates. Owing to stress of work and engagements, most of these regrettably declined. Mr. McBee's contribution, however, is of sufficient interest to present here, even without the other papers, especially as the reasons for the South's support of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Taft's chief opponent, have been naturally fully exploited, and are generally known.—THE EDITOR.]

Will the great body of Southern States, with their matchless record of Southern men who led in establishing freedom on this Continent, allow themselves to be voted *en masse* like a flock of sheep by a political organization that no longer stands for their ideals and that does not represent their history? This is really the issue which the Editor of THE SEWANEE REVIEW has asked me to meet, and it transcends all party or sectional considerations. It touches the very heart of the Nation's life and affects for weal or woe every component part of the Nation itself. The Nation needs the South; the South needs the Nation. Both are warped and maimed by the presence of a solid block of States incapable of assimilating, or being assimilated in, the National life so long as they remain solid. The necessity for removing this bar to national unity is incalculably greater now that America is accepting its world relationships. These newer responsibilities from without but intensify and magnify responsibilities at home. To no part of the Nation is it of more vital concern that home problems should be settled and settled right than to the South. No part of the Nation more truly needs the commercial, industrial and trade relations that are developing in all parts of the world than does the South. No part offers finer natural resources, more congenial climate and a more hospitable people than the South. But if the South remains isolated politically, immigrant and enterprise, capital and labor, will pass it by for less favored fields. Isolation will have its blighting effect upon industrial, political, intellectual and religious freedom, without which no people can be great.

The issue is real for the Nation. It is vital for the South. It must be settled and settled right some time. Why not now? It is not merely, "Give me liberty or give me death!" but it is the concrete application of this principle which found expression in that other and nobler utterance of our own Patrick Henry: "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the Colonies. I am no longer a Virginian but an American." Under the partisan oppression of the Republican party the boundaries of the "Solid South" were established. The Southern man, true to his noblest traditions, may justly claim that the partisan oppression of the Democratic party has effaced those boundaries. He may assert now with Patrick Henry: "I am no longer a sectionalist but an American." The time is ripe for the South to identify itself absolutely with the Nation by recovering its political liberty. This is the only course worthy of its high traditions, and it is absolutely necessary to a future of promise and true heroism.

These are not the only reasons, powerful as they are, for breaking up the old tradition of a "Solid South." The boundaries which have kept in isolation the solid block of Southern States are being indirectly effaced by the Democratic organization. But positively the same result has been secured by President Roosevelt's policy in making himself the President of the whole Nation; by his refusal to be controlled either by sectional prejudice or by the traditional attitude of the Republican party towards the South. In his Federal appointments in the South he has gone entirely outside party lines. It is widely and generously recognized in the South that these appointments average higher than any made by the Federal Government since the War. All party records have been broken by President Roosevelt's policy of appointing eminent Southern Democrats to office. The most significant example of this high and inspiring type of Nationalism was the appointment of Luke E. Wright of Tennessee, an ex-Confederate, a Southern Democrat in good standing as a Southern Democrat, into his Cabinet as Secretary of War. The appointment of Mr. Wright was no mere accident. He had been associated with Mr. Taft in the Philippines. He had been Governor of the Philippines as Mr.

Taft's successor, and later was Ambassador to Japan. In all of these capacities he had demonstrated that a Southern Democrat, without the sacrifice of his convictions or his self-respect, could coöperate heart and soul with President Roosevelt in the service of his country. But Secretary Wright has shown more than this. Since most of his service in the National Administration was with Mr. Taft, he has proved that in Mr. Taft's Administration the whole South would find it possible, if it chose, to serve the Nation as he has done and is doing in the Administration of President Roosevelt.

The time is ripe because Mr. Bryan does not represent the principles which the South solidified itself to defend, and Mr. Taft does not represent the vicious principles it solidified itself to fight. But Mr. Taft does represent the ideals of the historic South entrusted to posterity by those great Southern heroes who contributed them to the National life. I have yet to meet one of my fellow countrymen in the South who is prepared to vote for Mr. Bryan on his positive merits as a statesman and his worthiness as such to take a place with the South's great heroes — and my acquaintance is not a limited one. I can with equal emphasis state that there are hosts of Southern men who recognize in Mr. Taft a true statesman and tried administrator. Their desire and hope is that Mr. Taft will be made President even in spite of their own votes; but who yet feel constrained by the bondage of the "Solid South" to vote against their convictions and for Mr. Bryan. The first and only time I ever met General John B. Gordon, he said to me with regard to Mr. Bryan's second campaign for the Presidency: "I have never seen our people voting the Democratic ticket more reluctantly than with Mr. Bryan now at its head." What was true then, is, I believe, a hundredfold more true to-day. How can a good citizen of the Republic, with such convictions, withhold his best service from his own people in the South and from the Nation of which it is a component part?

The time is ripe because that period has arrived when the Civil War, with its causes and its results good and bad, should be reverently handed over to the historian and to the political philosopher. Our faces should be turned to the future for action

based upon the foundation principles of the Republic. It is time for free men to exercise their freedom in great enterprise, ready to suffer and to sacrifice for the righteousness that can alone establish peace and insure a prosperity that will endure as a blessing and an inspiration to the people.

The time is ripe because the "dark cloud" that threatened from North and East and West for many painful and disastrous years menaces no longer. There is no purpose, there seems to exist no desire, ever again to attempt a "force bill" involving social equality. It is recognized everywhere that society is a law unto itself; that it establishes its own standards uncontrolled and uncontrollable by legislation or political domination. The desire to give ignorance domination over intelligence, politically or legislatively; or to use the negro as a political club to defeat reforms in the Nation; or to oppress the people of the South, seems to have departed from the American people as a people. There is a profound desire to do justice to the negro, to enlighten and to civilize him. The people of all sections — and none more earnestly or more nobly than representative men in the South — seem increasingly determined to remove the negro from partisan politics in order to deal intelligently, patiently, wisely and honestly with the problem involved in his presence among us.

No more perfect illustration of what I have said could be imagined than the Brownsville incident. In the interest of Army discipline, in defence of life and order, and, above all, in the highest interest of the negro race itself, President Roosevelt, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, administered drastic punishment to negro soldiers. The punishment for the offence was normal to the man of war, but to a peace-loving and a peace-living people it was easy to misinterpret and misrepresent it, and easier still to distort it utterly in the eyes of those steeped in prejudice and desiring for economic and selfish reasons to hamper the great reforms advocated by the President in the Nation. If ever in our history an incident lent itself to a revival of the worst prejudices and the worst passions of section and race and selfish greed, this furnished the occasion. The attack in the Senate was led by one of the most brilliant politicians of

the day. He had the sympathy in and out of the Senate of that element known as "stand-patters" opposed to reform or development and looking primarily to the limitation of privilege in the interests of the whole people. Papers of intellectual force, like *The Springfield Republican* and *The Evening Post*, together with fanatics here and there who were ready to employ and did employ able legal talent to discredit the Administration, all combined to awaken and to excite racial, sectional and moneyed prejudice and passion. The result is known to every one. The attack failed ignominiously alike in the Senate and in the country. The fight was then carried into Ohio by the same forces, represented by the two Senators from Ohio and backed by the Republican organization there. Let it be noted that the fight was concentrated upon Secretary Taft as standing on all fours with the President in all the issues that were raised. A blow at Mr. Taft was to be a blow at the President. The triumphant nomination of Mr. Taft in a State like Ohio under such conditions is simply phenomenal in view of the record of the Republican party since the War. I can see no meaning in this entire transaction except that the race problem, the political use of the negro as a "dark cloud" with which to threaten the South, has really been taken out of politics by the American people, and has passed into that domain of serious study, self-sacrificing labor and sympathetic coöperation in uplifting a helpless race where alone it belongs and where alone it can be solved.

The time is ripe because President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, working together in absolute harmony, have contributed enormously to the removal of this obstacle and all other obstacles that stood or stand in the way of the complete unity of the Nation. And yet Mr. Bryan and his political managers are silent on these issues. They have contributed nothing at any time to their right solution. They are to-day reported to be manipulating the Brownsville incident in order to secure a condemnation of the Government's action at the polls by the negroes in the doubtful States in the North. Even if it is only an acquiescent attitude on the part of Mr. Bryan, it indicates a willingness to continue the political manipulation of the racial issue. But it

means much more than that. It indicates that Mr. Bryan is neither the friend of the negro in the South nor of the white man; that he would neither discipline the negro for his crimes nor protect him in his rights. Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft stand in their record and will stand in the future square and flat-footed as the punishers of criminals and the defenders of the rights of men of all races and all colors and all sections of the Nation.

The time is ripe for Southern men to take their part in their Nation and with all Nations that are moving steadily and surely along democratic lines toward the democratic ideal, beside Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft; men recognized in America and in the Nations beyond the sea as the foremost leaders in this onward march. I am not speaking merely my own convictions. I am not questioning the rights of those who feel differently. I am stating a fact borne witness to by students of political and social economy in practically all the great universities of the world. I honor every man of conviction who has the courage to stand for his convictions and to vote for them. I desire that all who find in Mr. Bryan their ideal should vote for him as truly as that those who find in Mr. Taft a nearer approach to their ideal than in Mr. Bryan should vote for him. But it is painful to see the efforts that high-minded men are making to justify themselves in voting for Mr. Bryan. The Hon. E. M. Shepard's efforts to justify himself and his fellow citizens of New York and the Nation in voting for Mr. Bryan are typical. His fine-toothed search for a little spot upon which to stand in his support of Mr. Bryan would furnish a psychological laboratory with study for months to come!

Mr. Bryan gives no promise of hope for the laboring people of this country. He has his place in the covenant that his managers have entered into with Mr. Gompers, a political manipulator of labor, but not a patient student of social and economic problems. There is no nobler, no more loyal body of citizens than those represented by the great and conservative labor unions. Mr. Bryan's superficial studies of the kaleidoscopic changes on social and economic questions would not commend him to membership in these unions. They rely on the scientific

study and the steady evolution of the rights and privileges of laboring men in the democracy such as ours. To turn from some of Mr. Bryan's writings to John Mitchell's book is to turn from guesswork to a student's solid contribution to the protection and development of the just rights not only of labor but of capital. John Mitchell records no desire for a tragic or clap-trap political advantage over those with whom he is contending. He fully understands that unrest and the constant change of the standard of values would be as damaging to labor as it would be to capital, and more damaging to the country than to either or both. Mr. Bryan has nothing to contribute to the laborer of any race except agitation and change. And when we have said this with regard to this great and honored body of American citizens, we have really spoken for all. Their true interests are the just and common interests of all Americans.

The duplicity of a double standard for money is as damaging in its immoral effects, so far as the people are concerned, as the duplicity of a double standard in character would be. This heresy or defect in Mr. Bryan's mental makeup seems to be a defect that increases with his years. I do not speak of his sincerity or of his intentional integrity. I am not a judge of these and I am not primarily concerned with these. It is not his conscience, but his folly, that is open to the judgment of his fellow citizens. His principle of a double standard seems to have developed, until he has a whole company of standards, upon or from any or all of which he seems to feel at liberty to speak and act. Surely no man in recent public life has presented himself to the American people more often and in more varied ways in opposition to President Roosevelt and to those principles of reform and patriotism that found expression in his "Winning of the West" and in his earlier writings before he had entered public life. Now that Mr. Roosevelt, whether some people like it or not, stands as the great living American, holding in his hand and yet cheerfully laying aside the nomination for the presidency — and if reports from all sections, including Southern States, can be trusted, holding in his hand and voluntarily laying aside a majority of the suffrages of his people greater even than at his last election — Mr. Bryan comes

forward, unconscious even of the humor of the situation, and attempts to balance himself on the single standard of Theodore Roosevelt in order to secure votes under the shadow of his great name! I have opposed Mr. Bryan in every election since he first used the symbol of Supreme Sacrifice in behalf of labor, though he has never sacrificed himself or his personal interests either for labor or the party that honored him with its nomination. I have found nothing in all these years sufficiently constructive, positive or permanent in his ever-changing policy to justify my voting as a Democrat for him; but I must confess that I have never conceived it possible that he would put himself before the American people as professedly unable to secure the presidency unless he could do so as at once the father and the son of Theodore Roosevelt's policies.

I am a lifelong Democrat. I have never joined a Republican organization of any kind whatsoever. Political freedom I regard as I do religious freedom, as lying at the very foundation of citizenship. Theodore Roosevelt is the only Republican president whom I have ever voted for, but I shall vote for William H. Taft for the same reason that I voted for President Roosevelt. They more nearly represent the Democracy I inherited from the South's great forebears and the nation's greatest men, than any living Democrat. It is not given to men to be perfect and to satisfy all ideals. We are creatures of moral evidence, of moral certainty and moral responsibility. But it is given to some men to occupy a moral supremacy that commands confidence, affection and absolute loyalty. William H. Taft's public career and private life justify all these. He is greater than any party; too great for any section and too noble to limit to any section, party or school, his sympathy, his interest and his life, which by public acts and the sacrifice of his own personal ambitions in the line of his profession as a lawyer, he has consecrated to the service of his country. He is too large-minded and too great-hearted to limit his conception of his Nation's service to anything short of its full part in the family of nations. He has justified this character in every office at home in which he has served the people of the United States—as Governor of the Philippines he has outlined a policy so disin-

terested, so altruistic, so full of honor to the American nation and promise to the Philippine people, that I fail to find, even in the colonial history of England, that great colonizing country, anything worthy to stand beside it. I heard Lord Cromer, who is regarded as England's greatest living colonial administrator, a few weeks ago in the House of Lords set forth in his famous speech on old age pensions some of his ideals. In that debate Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne and the greater leaders in the House of Lords took part, but not a single great, constructive principle of unselfish patriotism fell from any of the debaters, not even from Lord Cromer. I came home grateful and conscious that the people of the United States were singularly blessed in having so great a man as Mr. Taft to succeed President Roosevelt and to continue the administration of this government in the interest of all the people of the United States, with a single eye to the establishment of righteousness at home and the fulfillment of our right relations with all nations. For the South to free itself and vote its convictions in November would do something more than break up the "Solid South." It would inaugurate a new era in statesmanship and create new demands upon patriotism. It would weld into indestructible fellowship all parts of the nation, and make it possible to combine the best elements in all for the common defense and the common good.

SILAS MCBEE.

"TOGETHER:" A NIETZSCHEAN NOVEL

"Together" is the title of another novel on marriage that does not marry — lives tied together, but not made one, and hence so loosely tied that the bond does not bind. The author is Robert Herrick, Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago. His chair excites expectation of a more sober and competent treatment of his theme than it has had from the fidgety sentimentalists, chiefly female, who have used it as an occasion for exhibiting their own neurotic tantrums. The expectation lends interest to the reading of what else might prove very wearisome.

The professor's method is academic in its thoroughness, though without the least academic accent in style or plot or characterization. The style is lithe and sinewy, taking the step and spring of the story's changing moods. The plot works itself out as the fate of its characters, and weaves their own patterns into the web of events. And the characters are alive — men and women who have walked into the book out of the streets of Chicago. For when the novelist says St. Louis and New York he means Chicago, but shrewdly avoids the peril of placing his characters where they might recognize themselves, and cause him some inconvenience.

Their general type is Chicagoan. Even Cairey, the libertine Southerner, is just such a Southerner as could not exist outside of Chicago, and not even there until he had been thoroughly Chicagoized. And nowhere else would you be so likely to come upon the house of "the wife of a university professor where clever young persons were drawn in and taught to read Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, Ibsen and George Moore, and to engage gracefully in perilous topics. They had been rather conscious that they were radicals — 'did their own thinking,' as they phrased it, these young persons. They were not willing to accept the current morality. . . . In the matter of sex-relation, which is the knot of the tangle for youth, they believed in 'the development of the individual.' It must be determined by him or her, whether this development could be obtained best

through regular or irregular relations." Result, marriage with the understanding that the partners were not "bound by any such silly archaisms as the marriage contract, and recognized that both had diversified natures which might require in either case more varied experience than the other could give. In their enlightened affection for each other, neither would stand in the light of the other's best good."

Old-fashioned Common-sense is glad to hear from the Chair of English Literature in the University of Chicago such a rating of Ibsen and Shaw as it permits further on where it calls them "two great fakirs." For Common-sense has had to believe all along that they were not only "great fakirs" but perhaps the greatest ever forced on public attention — forced, by a kind of theatrical and bill-board management for the propagation of anarchistic ideas which would have been clapped into jail, if uttered with plain speech in a city-park, to the utmost logic of their import.

Ibsen's vogue has had such sudden and wide acclaim that one cannot tell how much of its academic and literary 'push' has been honest, and how much due to sheer demagoguery. For literature as well as politics has its demagogues, and even college professors have been known to play to the galleries. University extension, too — the effort to popularize, if not demagogize, education — has helped to spread the great magazine-fake rapidly and far; while publishers who publish whatever pays, have not been slow to offer university extension lecturers commissions on the sales they promote.

Besides, the woman's club in each country town has had its winter course as the sensation of the dull shut-in season, and in order that the sensation might be shrill, it has chosen the lecturers and topics that would raise gossip to the proper pitch, and bring the audience that would pay expenses, and make the town buzz for another year. What shriller topic could be had than Ibsen, the latest literary screech, and what fitter lecturer than the screechiest of Ibsenite missionaries? So the live "Calliope" went from town to town; and as it went, and whistled off steam to the tune of "A Doll's House" or "Ghosts" or "Hedda Gabler" or "Peer Gynt," each town became a literary circus.

"If it were not for America," observes the Chicago professor in one of his characters — "if it were not for America, for the Mississippi Valley in America, one might say, Ibsen would have had a quiet grave and Shaw might have remained a Celtic buffoon. *But the women of the Mississippi Valley have made a gospel out of them.*"

And such a gospel! There goes a story that about the time the preaching of it began, a university evangelist preached one night in an Illinois town on Omar Khayyam. Now there happened to dwell in that town a certain woman whose new-rich husband clothed her in attire that was more gorgeous than her intellect. Being a catechumen of the town-club, she went to hear the evangelist, and when his discourse was ended, she hailed him with joy and said: "I thank you, I thank you for the light you have thrown on this mysterious subject. Until to-night I always thought that Omar Khayyam was much the same as Hunyadi Yanos." The woman had erred, but not so absurdly as her adept sisters imagined when they smiled. There is a deeper resemblance between Omar's wine and the nasty water than that of sound. And the entire Schopenhauer-Ibsen-Nietzsche strain shares it, being even more visceral.

But what has become of the Mississippi Valley and like preachments? Professor Herrick's novel answers. They have grown to a languid Dionysiac cult that trims and æsthetizes the old Greek Nature-God, but leaves the self-same horns he wore when wild women and drunken goat-men danced around him. And it is the ritual of this goat-man-worship you see in its modern version as you watch the votaries whom the novel portrays, mood after mood, until the horns prove the Devil's own. The ritual now, however, is one of married life, and the most frequent refrains of its hymnody are Schopenhauer's "Will to Live;" Ibsen's "Be yourself," "Develop yourself," "Have a soul of your own"; and Nietzsche's mad laugh at all morality, the fiend's mock at sunlight as he dives back into the Pit.

And just as in the old Dionysiac festivals the women wore snakes about their arms, so the snakes are here, but not on the arms alone; they have wound around neck and bosom, and bitten through the flesh into the soul.

"The Bacchante of the American Home" — the novel might have been named — her dance one not of outward orgy, but of secret thoughts and desires for emotional freedom, unrestrained by convention or law or morality; the freedom of ultimate lust, where the soul that is not the State's nor the Family's nor the Husband's, but, 'her own,' only her own, sinks into the poor, sick, half-dead, half-rotten thing that is left — the prey of whatever vile satyr has lured her on towards the putrid end. And the worst of it is that when she wakes up, she discovers that the hell about her has no lurid grandeur worth sinning for, that it is a hell of utter littleness — little conceits, little minds, little passions; for great passions are the passions of great principles, the passions of great self-sacrifice. Instead of developing, her soul has shrunk, and now seems a mere insect, a flesh-fly, the very serpents that coiled about it having turned into maggots. Nor does anywhere a head-devil appear of size that would lend tragic dignity to damnation—no imp bigger than a Schopenhauer, the thinker who could not think; a Nietzsche, the maniac-clown who could only laugh at what he nicknamed the Dead God; and an Ibsen, the rabid playwright who, unable to think or laugh, simply frothed venom — great only in the nihilistic impudence that painted over the gates of Christendom, as if *it* were a hell without a purgatory much less a chance for heaven: "Leave hope behind, ye who enter here."

It is this sort of cheap, vulgar, conscienceless, flesh-fly Inferno that threatens the American woman, if 'the soul-of-her-own' propaganda be not stamped out quickly as a deadlier than cholera plague.

But hear the Chicago professor himself in his rebuke of the women who would be Queens of privilege without any royal duties to their realm:

"Egotism is the pestilence of our day, — the sort of base intellectual egotism that seeks to taste for the sake of tasting. Egotism is rampant. And worst of all, it has corrupted the women in whom should lie Nature's great conservative element. So our social body is rotten with intellectual egotism. Yes, I mean just what you prided yourself on: Culture, Education, Individuality, Cleverness — 'leading your own lives,' Refine-

ment, call it what you will — it is the same in-turning² of the spirit to cherish self."

"What have you made of marriage, leading your own lives? You make marriage a sort of intelligent and intellectual prostitution, and you develop divorce. The best among you — those who will not marry unless the man can arouse their 'best selves' — will not bear children even then. And you think you have the right to choose again, when your so-called souls have played you false the first time. And man, what of him? You leave him to his two gross temptations, Power and Lust. Man is given you to protect, and you drive him into the market-place where he fights for your ease, and then relaxes in the refined sensualities you offer him as the reward for his toil. With the fall of man into the beast's trough must come the degradation of woman. They cannot travel apart. They must pull together."

So far so good, in spite of exposures that would be indecent if they were not the exposures of the operating table, with free enough use of carbolic acid to prevent infection. The sins are bared to the knife, and the knife cuts deep. But the knife cannot cure. Is there any cure? The author believes there is, and has one ready. He has only drained the abscess that he might apply the remedy. The remedy is a "New Religion." None of the Oriental religions is adequate — not even the Religion of the Cross. They are too ascetic. Thinking to gain the spirit by denying the flesh, they render life haggard. The New Religion will undo the mischief. With it the flesh shall be the spirit's sacrament. Hence the more flesh, the more spirit. Indulgence, not denial, is the path to Paradise. Life, all life, is good, saurian as well as human; and the man lives his whole life only when he has due respect to the reptile in him. Is he not protoplasm still, and is not protoplasm slime? His brain runs all the way down his back bone, and the back bone should have the same brain-rights as the head. His one true aim is to be 'elemental;' and as the farther back and down he goes, the more 'elemental' do things become — their most 'elemental' condition, even beyond slime itself, being gaseous — he must become entirely gaseous in order to feel wholly cosmic.

But since too sudden an attainment of that cosmic state would explode alike himself and his New Religion, it must be sought by a series of intermediate jumps. There is the plesiosaurus, an excellent half-way stage, because far below man, while bringing together all prior stages in one shape — the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, a neck like an enormous serpent, a trunk and tail like an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a chameleon, and the paddles of a whale; — ample variety of outfit to prevent monotony of life, and no lack of provision for enraptured wallows. So far then the 'elemental' in Art and Religion might mean the plesiosauroid or palæ-Whitmaniac.

The New Religion, however, does not yet look quite so far. It would approach Nature's adytum by a more gradual initiation, stopping for a time in the outer courts. The groves were God's first temples, and will be his temples again when He is worshipped once more as Baal or Ashtaroth, though under a new name. The city must be left — the city with its accursed civilization. And that it may be well left, its ancestral sediment must be purged out of the soul for a new birth — the catharsis being aided by hypnotisms, psychotherapies or other somnambulistic animalizations in which the priest of the New Nature-worship takes the place of ancestors as a fresh sediment in the reborn naturized character.

The woods or the sea-islands will do the rest — the open air, the hot sun-kisses, the star-heights, life close to the soil, aye, flat on the ground, and careless of ethical to-morrows. Is not Nature the garment of God? Loosen the garment and the naked divinity will appear. Lo, "the Vision!"

The sin of the women under the author's denunciation is not that they have too much passion, but that their passion is not dithyrambic enough. Their girdles are too tight, their skirts too long, their feet trip in trying to follow the torch dance of 'elemental' desire; they are wan, slow-footed, dubious, anæmic; over-educated, over-refined, over-conscious; their desire being all up in the head — without that innocent because instinctively altruistic self-surrender, that frenzy of abandon, which at once spiritualizes the flesh by completely fleshening the spirit, and exalts both together to 'the stars', to 'the stars!'

Nothing must stand in the way of such abandon when it reaches religious heat — no public opinion, no civil law, no interest of society, no scarecrow conscience. It must be bold, resolute, unashamed, without regret, the rightest right; the way to "the Vision." And life, as life is now, trammelled with conventions, has no single act that so completely fulfills all these conditions as an act of adultery—adultery between a man who has sworn his soul to another woman, and a woman who has sworn her soul to another man, but who both claim the supreme right to break their marriage vows, and make a three-days holier wedlock of their own in the name of the "New Religion," and for the sake of "the Vision."

Never before in American literature has adultery been so glorified as in the five chapters that celebrate its sacramental rites on an island, where the sea waves sing its *In Excelsis*, and the stars of heaven measure the height of its peace. "Peace, such large and splendid peace!" No smell of Walt Whitman's four-footed ghost on the night-air. No glimpse of the Everlasting Goat among the constellations on high. "The Spirit within them declared it was best to gain the height, whether in the final life it should lie to Sin or Glory."

"The Spirit within them!" What "Spirit?" What "them?" What is the Self that makes the 'them,' and unifies themselves with the Self of the Universe? Does the Chicago professor know? Has he ever tried to think? Has he the slightest conception of what Thinking means — herald, as he would be, of a New Man, a New Woman, a New God, a New God-Man mode of life? Let him define his terms, and prove his right to use them, or spare decent people any more of his vapid, rhapsodical, phallic rant. If he knew half as much about the philosophy of religion as he does about erotic literature, he would know that his New Religion stinks of the stale old Hindoo worship of the sex-gods, Siva and Satki, and that his esoteric "Vision" is simply the Hindoo Yogi doctrine of sex-ecstasy as the symbol of the ecstasy of the soul's absorption into Brahm. Does he imagine that he can so perfume this Hindoo muck with the frankincense of mystical phrases as to palm it off on the American people as a higher wisdom than the wisdom of Christ?

Apparently he does. There are signs of a deeper purpose in his story than it dares to avow. He is not quite sure of his public. He seems to be feeling his way towards future disclosures. In spite of his fling at the house of 'the wife of a University Professor where clever young men and women engage in graceful conversation on perilous topics,' he writes like one of their company, possibly their leader. That he says as much as he does without saying more, may be due to a prudent wish not to shock, and drive back, the novitiate he would lead on by an Eleusinian method. Meanwhile other ministries may conduct it towards more orgiastic scenes—the ministries of other fiction like his own together with dramas like D'Annunzio's and Hauptmann's, and the opera of Richard Strauss. It might be scared into flight if it suspected a Nietzschean guidance towards a Nietzschean end.

Nevertheless the Chicago Professor's six-hundred pages of gloat over the decadence and ugliness of American civilization are almost plagiaristically Nietzschean. Nietzschean also is his disparagement of culture, his ranking of instinct above reason, his seeking of highest truth in the under-soul, so that his Over-Man really means man turned upside down. His antithetic types of women repeat Nietzsche's paradox of woman as both the parasite who preys on man and the inspirer who lifts him to the heights. Like Nietzsche he hates woman's emancipation as her baser enslavement, and sees in higher education the loss of her prime worth to the race. Like Nietzsche he lauds the woman who faithfully serves her husband, and still more the woman who scorns the vow that would chain her mismated soul away from the man who by rousing it to a great passion can reveal to it the secret of its own nature, the secret of all life, all beauty, all power, the secret of the universe. Like Nietzsche too he poetizes the sheer physical glow of such a passion as the bliss of the emptyrean.

"Marriage" writes Nietzsche, and the Chicago Professor repeats the idea "Marriage is the will of two beings to create another who shall be more than they who create it. I would that thy child were born of thy victory and thy *freedom*. Thou shalt build beyond thyself. Thou shalt not only propagate thyself

but propagate thyself upwards." Wherefore "the broad-hipped Italian peasant women of Calabria, with solid red-brown flesh who breed bastards" are better mothers for a Republic than the neurasthenic, college-bred, half-wives that walk Fifth Avenue.

But this is not all. Nietzsche does not stop here, nor can his consistent disciple. There is another and last stage, which they must travel together, the stage of the "Antichrist." I quote with a shudder from Nietzsche's book by that name:

"I condemn Christianity. I bring against it the most terrible accusations that ever an accuser put into words. It is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions. . . . It has left nothing by its depravity. It has made a worthlessness out of every value, a lie out of every truth, a sin out of everything straightforward, healthy and honest. . . . It combats all good red blood; all love and all hope for life, with its anæmic ideal of holiness. It sets up the other world as a negation of every reality. The cross is the rallying post for a conspiracy against health, beauty, well being, courage, benevolence—against life itself. . . . This eternal accusation I shall write upon all walls. I call Christianity the one great curse, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, mean. I call it the immortal shame upon the human race."

The words are fiendish. They make the world's Saviour its Satan. I could not quote them if they did not pass for philosophy with so many unphilosophic minds that are educating the youth of our land to a pagan manhood. You can hear faint echoes of them in the Chicago Professor's slurs on Christian sermons, creeds and dogmas as dead, too dead to control the leopard-like desires that romp in American blood. Evidently Julian the Apostate is one of his historic heroes, and he would welcome a happier renewal of the Apostate's unhappy experiment. His God, if he has any, can be no other than Nietzsche's "Dionysus, the Radiant," and for a sacred emblem he prefers the Thyrsis to the Cross.

A New Religion indeed! Has the Chicago Professor begun yet to organize his proselytes? Has he formed an inner circle of them in his co-education University? Will he try to use that

University's system of extension to extend their Dionysian type by adding Nietzsche to popular programmes on Blake, Whitman, Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, and Ibsen — crazy Blake, the patriarch of their insane tribe, who with his wife — so gossip said — sat often naked in their garden, to cultivate Edenic innocence, and thus set the Edenic fashion which, it is to be hoped, their disciples will not follow in daily life, if they must in literary freaks. What 'large and splendid' themes for University extension lectures!

ROBERT A. HOLLAND.

The University of the South.

REVIEWS

NORTH AMERICAN TREES. By N. L. Britton, Director-in-Chief of the New York Botanical Garden. *The American Nature Series*. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

The series, while being of first authority, as the presence of Dr. Britton's name among its authors guarantees, is to present its information in a form easily accessible to the average reader. A perusal of several of the descriptions entirely confirms this for the present volume; scientific phraseology is everywhere avoided, technical terms being employed only where unavoidable. A great help to the uninitiated is the use of generic centra for each family instead of the formal taxonomy, e. g. Willow family for *Salicaceæ*; Pea family for *Fabaceæ*, etc. All these small aids are of great value to the beginner and are too often overlooked. A plant that admits relationship to a willow tree or a pea-vine becomes at once approachable, whereas its designation as member of the *Salicaceæ* or the *Fabaceæ* throws about it an air of chill formality that will brook no intimacy with the humble inquirer.

Apart from the felicitous language which teems with suggestive adjectives (many "carefully compounded"), the descriptions are more useful for their *order* than any that the writer has previously seen. Not only is it the most practical, as proceeding from the most evident details to the least so, but it is apparently *rigidly* maintained in every specific characterization in the book.

As to the keys to identification more might be said, by way of comment. Formal criteria appear to be taken rather too much into consideration. For example: monocotyledons are differentiated from dicotyledons by the single primary leaf, as well as by the absence of the pith-wood-and-bark stem, and by the possession of parallel-veined leaves. But the last is at once the most evident and only necessary criterion for the purposes of the present volume, since only the Palms and Dracænas are treated; no net veined monocotyledons, which would necessitate the other means of identification, being included. The for-

mal differentiation might be best inserted in the fuller statement of the sub-class characters, especially as Dr. Britton does not purpose to make the key in any way phylogenetic, but merely convenient for analysis.

The illustrations are carefully drawn, especially those by Miss Jessie Foster; their richness of detail makes them fully equal to the best photographic reproduction, which the writer regards as the ideal. It is unfortunate that all species illustrations in such works cannot be natural size. In the present volume they occupy but about one-fifth of the page on an average, and as the majority are two-thirds natural size, the enlargement would not, apparently, render the volume unwieldy. The more exact the portraits given us of nature's children the more easily will we recognize the originals. This point has been brought up by beginners in botany rather frequently. However, in no case do the drawings obscure, by their size, to a serious extent. The photographs are, in a large majority of cases, excellent in selection. That of the mangrove (Fig. 655) is especially striking. The typography and finish of the book are alike tasteful and serviceable.

The completed series should be a desirable reference library in itself, for the subjects it includes. R. I. R.

TWO COLLECTIONS OF VERSE

The modern methods as to food in capsules, sterilized milk, and things pre-digested, seems to be creeping into literature. We have long had books of quotations, rhyming dictionaries and the like, for those who wished to take a short cut to verse-making, or to make a show of one sort or another; things that have been more or less laughed at by those, even, who privately made use of them; things that are all superficial, all bad. But to-day, this Pre-Digested-Mental-Food business is enlarging; this Capsule-Getting-into-Print-on-the-Brains-of-Others business is taking many forms, and before me lie two small volumes of verse, well bound in flexible morocco, well printed and by chance, perhaps, the very color of the omnipresent Baedeker guide books — Red! "Poems for Travellers," one is called, com-

piled by M. R. J. DuBois, and it begins, very properly, with Byron and the Ocean — "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!" (Which it generally does without any urging). After this there are poems for France, poems for Germany, poems for Italy, poems for Austria, poems for Switzerland, poems for Greece. You arrive, you take your hotel out of Baedeker, or if you are a Cook Tourist, you are brought to a hotel; you make your terms, order food, then — why then you pull out "Poems for Travellers" and put yourself in the proper mood for sentimentalizing!

Some good poems have happened into this book, but the majority are poor; in short, the selection shows some industry, but no culture — much sentimentality, but no critical training or ability.

Alas, for the almost sacrilege of calling that Education which would cause one to welcome this book! Alas, for the superficiality of the mind that conceives the plan of such a book. This must have been what the immortal preacher had in mind when he cried — "Of the making of many books there is no end!"

The other small volume of verse, "The Poetic Old World," compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey, is far superior to the first. It is built on the same pre-digested plan; it is the same Baedeker color, and one could go through the same programme up to the reading of the poem appropriate to the place. In this second volume, however, the traveller would find better poems. Why do not the leading publishers take their stand with Governor Hughes and shut down on the Book-Makers? (Henry Holt & Company).

S. B. E.

THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHER. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. Henry Holt & Company. \$1.50.

"The Little Brown Brother" brings the reader to the Philippine Islands, to an island in the group called "Lamu," and sets forth very strongly the Englishman's view — which in this case should be the view of every sensible white man — of the attitude of the American Civil Government toward the dark races. The

attitude is the same as that which in Reconstruction days in the South was taken toward that part of the Oriental world domiciled in this country — the negro; and which then worked untold — untellable horrors. That attitude still is working ill, only that now the ill is not confined to the South, but has spread as a canker to the whole Nation — to all politics. As Mr. Hyatt says: "No policy could have been more ill-advised than that of the Americans in the Philippines. . . . They did not realize, and their leaders (Civil) would not tell the people that the difference between East and West is far more than that of geographical position, that legislation and text book formulæ are powerless to change the Oriental; that education is not civilization; that the Brotherhood of Man is a theory, and the Color Line a fact."

Again.

"The Spaniard suited the East. He was restful, impressive, haughty, with a supreme contempt for the weaker side, and a perfect disregard for political ethics, qualities which the Oriental considers the natural attribute of rulers, and consequently admires. . . . He did in the Philippines what no other Christian nation has done elsewhere, he forced his religion on the people, his religion as well as his law. . . . To-day, many people, not knowing or not understanding, are prone to sneer at the Spanish Colonial Empire; but wise men, white men to whom the ideals of the West are sacred, should raise their hats when it is mentioned, for with all its faults, it was a very wonderful thing, a great civilizing influence, and, most wonderful of all in that it lasted so long after Spain herself had declined. It was a white man's rule, almost to the end, the rule of those who knew the difference between black and white, East and West, who understood that the Oriental is not an individual at all, but merely a part of a vast, unwieldy mass, which is incapable of guiding itself, incapable of thinking for itself, needing all the time a firm, strong hand to steer it into the right course, to force it along that course; a mass, which if it leave the track, must be driven back with lead and bayonets and high explosives, before it has time to disintegrate and perish miserably." "The Spaniards knew when to hang a man, and acted on that knowledge, be-

ing untroubled by a squeamish press or a neurotic public conscience."

The love story is fairly well told, for there is a love story; the American Army is shown in a way to let the reader see that this Englishman appreciates fully, and pities greatly, the officers as well as the rank and file of the American soldiers who are unable to act, unable almost to defend themselves, because of the outrageous vagaries of the Civil Government.

S. B. E.

GUNHILD. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

The name indicates the Scandinavian setting of this story of an American party travelling in Norway, and caught in an out-of-the-way village, and kept there by the illness of their Chaperone, Aunt Nancy, who is perhaps the most interesting and strongest of the characters. She is a New Englander of the best type—straight-forward, independent, kind-hearted and keen. The hero, Harry, is an American brought up in Europe by a worldly mother who tries to develop in him all that is un-American, but he inherits his father's love of the prairies, and longs to become a ranchman, and consequently breaks through his conventional training and falls in love with the peasant girl Gunhild, who has lived in Kansas and knows the prairies, and he looks forward to their perfect ranch life, and all the good they can do by elevating the life on the plains. The story has several surprises and ends in rather an unexpected way. The grandeur of the Norwegian scenery with its mountains and valleys, its rivers and fjords enhances the story and is well brought out, not forgetting the trolls and fossegrims.

E. H. S.

NOTES

THE RICHMOND MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

To all who would keep in touch with the present currents of historical study and teaching, the annual meeting of the American Historical Association is always an event of interest. Probably there is no similar body which is characterized by such manifold activities as those of this Association, embracing not only the holding of annual meetings and the publication of an annual report, but also the maintenance of the *American Historical Review*, the establishment of Commissions for the collecting and editing of manuscripts and for the investigation of public archives, and the support of other committees and conferences for special phases of the society's general work. Beginning with 1903, two of these meetings have been held in Southern cities, the first in that year in New Orleans, the second, that of 1905, which met in Baltimore and Washington.

This year, during the Christmas holidays, the Association will convene in Washington, where, on Monday evening, December 28, Mr. James Bryce will read to this and to the American Political Science Association his address as President of the latter body. After another meeting next morning, a special train will be run to Richmond where sessions will be held on Tuesday evening, Wednesday, and Thursday.

While the Economic Association, which for several years has held its annual meeting at the same time and place as the Historical Association, has this year elected to meet in another place, there will also be present in Richmond the Political Science Association, and the newly organized Mississippi Valley Historical Association. As the public is welcomed to all meetings of the Associations at which papers are presented, the opportunity is offered to all who are interested, whether members or no, to get into touch with the most recent phases of historical writing. Quite as valuable, in the opinion of those who have had experience of former meetings, is the social inter-

course which has always been one of the pleasantest features of these gatherings. Another element which this year is of special promise, is the historical excursion or pilgrimage. On Thursday evening, General E. P. Alexander, C.S.A., and other officers and authorities in Civil War history, will talk about the campaigns in Virginia; and opportunities will be afforded, between sessions, to visit several of the more famous battle fields near Richmond. After the conclusion of the meeting on January 1, there will be a special excursion to Charlottesville and the University of Virginia.

To teachers there will be two conferences of special interest: One on the relation of Geography to History, and one on the teaching of History in Secondary Schools. The Conference of State and Local Historical Societies will also be the occasion of interesting papers. Thus there will be ample room for selection, and the local historical societies, the State organizations, and the patriotic societies should all send representatives to what will surely be a notable gathering, in the historic city on the James.

After the middle of November, the full programme of each association can be obtained by writing to the Secretary. For the Historical Association, this is Mr. A. Howard Clark, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., for the Political Science Association, Professor W. W. Willoughby, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., and for the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, Mr. C. S. Paine, Lincoln, Nebraska.

ST. G. L. S.

The series of Lowell Institute Lectures delivered in October-November, 1907, by Professor F. J. Stimson is published by Charles Scribner's Sons in an attractive little volume with the title: "The American Constitution, The National Powers, The Rights of the States, The Liberties of the People." The author's long training and valued services in the field of Comparative Legislation are reflected in the excellence of the descriptive and expository parts of the book. Especially interesting is the sixth chapter, on the Division of Powers between Legislative

Executive and Judicial (*sic*); and between the Federal government and the States, with an ingenious and helpful diagram. On the side of history and political theory, however, the work is loosely written, even for popular lectures. To refer to Thomas Jefferson Andrew Jackson's alleged remark about John Marshall's decision in Worcester *vs.* Georgia may be only a slip of the pen. But the author's English history does not avoid a similar lapse from accuracy. (Cf. pp. 113 and 222). The emphasis laid upon "natural rights" would indicate that the author has been little touched by the modern criticism of that doctrine. At least the identification of such rights with "Cardinal" or "Constitutional" rights, i. e., those which may be loyally maintained against the government is confusing. In the latter part of the book Professor Stimson develops arguments against which he considers the radical legislation of the present administration.

From the press of the Scribner's comes also "The British City," by Professor Frederick C. Howe, in which the author marshals additional evidence in support of his thesis that through municipal ownership lies the way to municipal and to general civic reform. The interest and the enthusiasm which marked the author's "The City, the Hope of Democracy," do not flag in this book, which is closely related to the earlier work.

The fourth volume of Dr. Avery's History of the United States, published by the Burrows Brothers Company maintains the attractive appearance and wealth of illustration for which the author and the publishers in the earlier volumes set a high standard. The period covered in the present installment is that of the wars between England and France, and the Indian campaigns in the back country, bringing the narrative down to the eve of the Revolution.

Yearly Subscription, \$2

Single Number, 30 cents

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
OCT 29 1908

The Sewanee Review

Quarterly

EDITED BY

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN



October, 1908

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| I. <i>Pleasure as the Highest Good</i> | ROBERT A. HOLLAND |
| II. <i>Jefferson Davis, the Negroes and the Negro Problem</i> | WALTER L. FLEMING |
| III. <i>Some Recent Books on Art</i> | GEORGE B. ROSE |
| 1. <i>Three Books on Spain.</i> | |
| II. <i>Three Books on Italy.</i> | |
| IV. <i>Feminine Types in Tolstoy's Works</i> | BERNARD GORIN |
| V. <i>Astrophel, The Puritan</i> | JAMES BRANNIN |
| VI. <i>Andrew Lang's "The Mysteries of History"</i> | |
| (By ÉMILE FAGUET) | Translated by R. T. HOUSE |
| VII. <i>Political Science in Southern Universities</i> | DAVID Y. THOMAS |
| VIII. <i>The Unconscious Trend Toward Socialism</i> | P. ORMAN RAY |
| IX. <i>The South and Mr. Taft</i> | SILAS MCBEE |
| X. <i>"Together:" A Nietzschean Novel</i> | ROBERT A. HOLLAND |
| XI. <i>Reviews</i> | |
| XII. <i>Notes</i> | |

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

91-93 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK; LONDON AND BOMBAY.

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Sewanee, Tennessee



Opened in 1868. Located at Sewanee, Tennessee, on the plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Sewanee has a national reputation as a health resort all the year around.

The Departments of the University are:

**ACADEMIC, THEOLOGICAL
MEDICAL, PHARMACEUTICAL
LAW, and ENGINEERING**

THE SEWANEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL prepares boys for this and other Universities and for business.

The scholastic year, in all departments except the Medical, opens in September, and is divided into two terms, Advent and Easter. The Medical Department opens in April and continues to October.



For catalogues and other information, address

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M.A., LL.D.

Vice-Chancellor

Longmans, Green & Co.'s New Books

HIGH PRIESTHOOD AND SACRIFICE. An Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

By WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE, M.A., S.T.D., Professor of Exegesis in the University of the South, Sewanee. Author of "The Gospel in the Gospels," etc. Crown 8vo. \$1.50, *net*. By mail, \$1.62.

CONTENTS: Human Destiny through Death. The Divine Propriety of the Death of Christ. The High Calling of God to Faith. Christ the All-Tempted yet All-Sinless. The Elements of High Priesthood in General. From the First Principles to Perfection. The Realization of High Priesthood in Christ. The Old and New Covenants. The Sacrifice that Takes Away Sin. The Blood of the New Covenant. The Faith that Inherits Life. Conclusion.

"The Epistle to the Hebrews has had many interpreters, but none have reached its innermost teaching and expounded the philosophy underlying the doctrinal features like Dr. DuBose. . . . We most heartily commend this book to our readers."—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

"The method of the book is largely exegetical. . . . and yet the exegesis is not like that of other commentators with whom we are familiar; it is not grammatical or critical or historical. The best name for it seems to me to be philosophical: it never loses sight of the ultimate truth of things. . . ."—*The Churchman*.

" . . . Most thorough and comprehensive . . . The lectures will prove of great interest to those who really desire to master the contents of this great Epistle."—*Book News Monthly*.

MEDIEVALISM. A Reply to Cardinal Mercier.

By GEORGE TYRRELL, Author of "Hard Sayings," "Oil and Wine," "Through Scylla and Charybdis," etc. Crown 8vo. pp. viii-211. \$1.25, *net*.

In the Lenten Pastoral (1908) issued by Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, Mr. Tyrrell was specially mentioned by name as the most typical embodiment of the Modernism which it was the Cardinal's special object to denounce. In this book Mr. Tyrrell criticises the position taken up by the Cardinal and replies to his strictures.

ALTAR DEVOTIONS. A Manual of Self-Examination, Prayer and Praise for the Blessed Sacrament.

Compiled by the Rev. C. ERNEST SMITH, D.D., D.C.L., Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Washington, D. C. Author of "Readings and Prayers for a Communicants' Class," "The Old Church in the New Land," etc. 16mo. 50c, *net*.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH IN COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL: a Series of Notes. Two Vols.

By HENRY MARTYN SANDERS, M.A., Sometime Scholar of Queens' College, Cambridge, Vicar of St. John's, Highbury, N. Vol. I.—Advent to Whit Sunday. Crown 8vo. pp. xii-244. \$1.20, *net*.

THE TRIAL AND CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS CHRIST OF NAZARETH.

By M. BRODRICK, Joint Author of "Concise Dictionary of Egyptian Archaeology" etc. etc. Crown 8vo. pp. xii-196. \$1.25, *net*.

This is an endeavor to show from the historical and legal aspects how the Jewish law was evaded on all its most important points at the trial of Christ, and how Pilate failed in his duty as the Procurator Caesaris. The writer has purposely taken a non-theological attitude in the hope of making the book useful to teachers of all denominations. The site of Golgotha is discussed in the light of the latest archaeological discoveries.

A HISTORY OF THE EVANGELICAL PARTY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

By the Rev. G. R. BALLEINE, M.A., Vicar of St. James's, Bermondsey. With 4 illustrations. Crown 8vo. pp. xii-338. \$1.75, *net*.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 91-93 Fifth Av., New York

The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

THE PRINTING PLANT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS was established in May, 1904, as a place where scholarly printing could be done in a manner harmonious with the tastes of scholarly men of artistic appreciation. A new and perfectly adapted building was erected, housing a plant well equipped and suited to executing the class of work contemplated. The plant consists of three power presses and a type-setting machine, with other necessary machinery, and a large assortment of type.

THE PRESS stands as a protest against the fads of modern type design. It seeks for simplicity in the use of type letters, and employs ornament only in harmony with and subordinate to the text illustrated or decorated. It is one of the offices of the typographer to give an added grace to the written message by an intelligent utilization of the principles of appropriateness in the type composition. The thought or idea to be communicated acquires or loses force, directness, clearness or lucidity, or beauty in proportion to the fitness of the typography employed as a medium. The workers at THE PRESS have made a careful study of these principles, and keenly appreciate the need for the judicious assembling of types for pleasing and harmonious effects. *The Printing Art*, the scholarly magazine of the craft, has recognized this, on several occasions, by awards in its competitions and otherwise.

The establishment of THE PRESS seems to be the fulfillment of the dream of the founder of the University, Bishop Polk. His son, Dr. William M. Polk, of New York, has made the following allusion in his *Memoirs*: "In time it was expected that presses would be established, from which a native literature should be issued. In short, the University Domain was to be fitted and prepared for a home of all the arts and sciences and of liberal culture in the Southern States." In its spirit and aims, however, like the University itself, THE PRESS would not remain provincial, but seeks to make its appeal to the lovers of art in printing and the making of books wherever they may be found.

Feeling a measure of confidence in its ability to give entire satisfaction to the most discriminating, THE PRESS solicits correspondence and requests for any printing worth being done well, and will gladly submit specimens of its work.

General Kirby-Smith

¶ The Life of this "Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate Army" (whose statue the State of Florida has recently ordered placed in the National Hall of Statuary in the City of Washington), has just been issued from the University Press of Sewanee.

¶ The literary work is done by ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL, editor of "Bishop Quintard's Memoirs of the War." The book is almost an autobiography, and relies chiefly upon letters written by Edmund Kirby-Smith at West Point, on the battle-fields of the War with Mexico, on the Southwestern frontier, in Virginia while recruiting the Army of the Confederacy, in the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederate States, and in Cuba. It is a valuable contribution to American biographies, and should be in every public library.

¶ The book has a photogravure portrait of General Kirby-Smith as he appeared in war time, and facsimile reproductions of the "last official order issued in the Confederate Army."

12 mo; cloth; about 300 pages. Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.60.

The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

Special List of Publications of The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

General Kirby-Smith

By ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. Cloth, 12mo; about 300 pages. With photogravure portrait. A valuable contribution to American biographies and of especial interest to collectors of Sewaneana. Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.60.

"The Life of General Edmund Kirby-Smith by the Reverend Arthur Howard Noll, of Sewanee, will be welcomed by all Sewanee men who love the memory of that most popular professor and friend; by all Confederate soldiers who admire and reverence the name of this gallant and splendid soldier—a very Chevalier Bayard of the South; and by every American, who is glad to read the story and do honor to the memory of the man who in every relation of life was without fear and without reproach."—Rt. Rev. THOS. F. GAILOR, in *The Diocese of Tennessee*.

Doctor Quintard: Chaplain C. S. A., and Second Bishop of Tennessee

Being his Memoirs of the War, edited and extended by the Rev. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. New edition, cloth, 12mo, with steel portrait, \$1.00 net. The same in paper covers, without portrait, 50 cents.

"Part of its charm is its very frankness and the glimpses it affords of the more or less intimate life of an aristocracy long since a memory and now fast becoming a tradition."—*The Churchman*.

"The book is a valuable contribution to the historical narrative of the war, and especially to certain religious aspects of that strife."—*Boston Times*.

Apostolic Succession and the Problem of Unity

By Rev. EDWARD MCCRADY. With an Introduction by Rt. Rev. T. D. Bratton, D.D. Cloth, 12mo; 163 pages. Price, \$1.10 net.

"This is an able, honest, fearless, and thorough-going formal exposition and advocacy of what the author conceives to be the logic of the Quadrilateral. Let us have just such treatment of every aspect of this vital and many-sided of questions, and with sure faith in God try to unite with Him in His purpose to work out the blessed resultant of all the forces now seemingly so hopelessly at conflict."—W. P. DuBose, in *The Churchman*.

Special Editions published by the University Press

MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY. With an Introduction by Glen Levin Swiggett, Ph.D. Ten copies bound in full Levant and decorated by the Sisters of S. Mary, were sold immediately upon publication at \$10.00 each. A limited number of the regular edition, printed on Deckel-edge Strathmore paper, bound in boards, are for sale at \$1.00 net.

"From the University Press of Sewanee Tennessee comes a book that makes us of the North to wonder, for bookmaking has been reckoned as among the lost arts below Mason and Dixon's line. . . . Of this book only 250 copies were made—a number totally inadequate to meet the demand were its graceful beauties known to admirers of fine bookmaking."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS. By President Charles Cuthbert Hall. French hand-made paper, full Levant, \$5.00; limp leather, \$2.00.


EMERSON'S ESSAY ON COMPENSATION. With an Introduction by Prof. Lewis Nathaniel Chase. Marbled boards, \$1.00; paper wrappers, 50 cents.

Plant Winchester Trees

33 YEARS OF FAIR DEALING have built our Nurseries from a few acres to a mammoth plant of over 700 acres. We can successfully accept and fill orders for 100 to 100,000 or more trees. Our mode of packing insures you to get our trees in FINE CONDITION. Our specialties are: APPLE, PEACH, PEAR, CHERRY, BUDDED AND GRAFTED PECAN TREES. We have thousands of pleased customers. Agents wanted.

SOUTHERN NURSERY CO. Winchester, Tenn.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS



THESE verses were written by President CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, and read at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Delta Psi Fraternity at Williams College.

They express the faith, held by many in common with the author, in the continuity beyond the years of the real friendship of souls. The message will be a stimulus and consolation to all to whom it comes.

As a piece of bookmaking, the volume is the best that has come from *The Sewanee Press*. The type used is the beautiful Caslon, and the paper is "Arches" French hand-made. It was dampened before printing and the sheets afterwards smoothed in the dry-press. There is a touch of antique red on the title-page and the colophon is likewise rubricated. Otherwise the volume is without decoration, making its appeal through its dignified simplicity.

The entire edition consists of only 180 copies. Of these, ten copies will be bound in full levant with silk ends, stamped in gold; the remaining 170 copies will be bound in limp leather. The special copies are sold for \$5 each, and the others at \$2 each.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

THE South Atlantic Quarterly

Subscription, \$2.00 a year; single copies, Fifty Cents.

RECENT CONTRIBUTORS:

William Garrott Brown, Governor Jos. W. Folk, Daniel Coit Gilman, Hamilton W. Mabie, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., Bliss Perry, Edwin A. Alderman, Chas. Forster Smith.

"Precisely the sort of periodical of which our country stands in the greatest need."—*The Dial* (Chicago).

"The discussion to which the South Atlantic Quarterly has so far invited its readers is of a very high order in point of candor, dignity, care as to facts and intellectual independence. It is also, it may be remarked—though this was to be expected—of a literary excellence quite up to the level of like discussions either here or in England."—*New York Times*.

"The South Atlantic Quarterly is representative of the intellectual and economic vigor that characterizes the new South. It is edited with marked catholicity and breadth of vision. Indeed, its point of view is national rather than sectional, but its appeal is made with peculiar force to Southern men. By supporting such a periodical as this the South is demonstrating its loyalty to the highest national ideals."—ALBERT SHAW, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*.

"The South Atlantic Quarterly gives to the South an opportunity for expression on all the great questions of the day. The Northern reader is able through its pages to inform himself as to the life, thought and aspirations of the Southern people. The editors are rendering a great service to all sections of our country."—J. H. KIRKLAND, Chancellor, Vanderbilt University.

"The South Atlantic Quarterly is one of the most interesting and significant periodicals in our country. It not only has a distinct literary and critical value of its own, but it has a representative quality, standing for an intelligent and loyal effort to express the spirit and aims of the South in developing its old ideals and traditions under the new conditions which have arisen since the Civil War, and in applying the principles of reason and the results of culture to the consideration of the problem which the Southern people have to solve."—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Address:

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY
DURHAM, N. C.

WANTED! MANY TEACHERS AN AGENCY THAT

RECOMMENDS IN FIFTEEN SOUTHERN STATES,

Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia. Also conducts a

SPECIAL FLORIDA TEACHERS' AGENCY

Supplies Teachers for Universities, Colleges, Private, Normal, High and Grade Schools; Special Teachers of Commercial Branches, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Art, Drawing, Music, Elocution, Physical Culture, Athletics, etc. Calls come from school officials. Recommends all the year round. Register now. Best chances come early.

DEALS IN SCHOOL PROPERTY

SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL REVIEW TEACHERS AGENCY
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Southern Educational Review

Edited by H. ELMER BIERLY

With the Co-operation of Leading Educators in the United States

This is a high class publication covering the whole field of education, giving special attention to supervision, high school and college education. Its contributors are men of ripest thought and of national and international reputation. It publishes only the best and latest in education. It is not a journal of methods, nor of any particular doctrine or institution. It appeals to all serious and progressive teachers.

Regular subscription price, \$3.00 per year. Trial subscription (for new subscribers only), three months, 50 cents. Sample copy free.

Southern Educational Review

Chattanooga, Tennessee

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Sewanee, Tennessee

LAW DEPARTMENT

Schools of Jurisprudence and Advocacy

Courses leading to degrees of LL.B. (two years) and LL.M. (three years). Graduates of other university law schools having a two-year course, are eligible for admission to the Master Course and graduation in one year.

The next session opens September 17, 1908. For catalogue and particular information, apply to

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M.A., LL.D., Vice-Chancellor.

Royal Insurance Co., Limited

OF LIVERPOOL

Leading Fire Insurance Company of the World

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT

EMPIRE BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

MILTON DARGAN, Manager

F. M. MIKELL,
Ass't Manager

U. S. ATKINSON,
2d Ass't Manager

Kentucky
Tennessee
Georgia
Florida
Virginia

South Carolina
Oklahoma
Indian Territory
Arkansas
North Carolina

Alabama
Mississippi
Louisiana
Texas

Financial Soundness

is the first essential to public confidence.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE,—the only million-dollar National Bank in the State—has the entire confidence of the people.

The personnel of their directors, and the efficiency of their officers, together with their large capital and surplus of \$1,617,000, inspire that. It is a matter

Of Greatest Importance

that you identify yourself with such an institution.

A checking account with our big bank will help your financial credit.

Our Certificates of Deposit are an excellent investment for your surplus money. They are issued to mature quarterly, and net you 3 per cent. interest from date of issue to date of payment.

"A WORD TO THE WISE," is our free book explaining fully our *Certificate of Deposit* and *Banking by Mail* plans.

Send for your copy to-day.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Shareholders' Liability	1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	617,000.00
Security to Depositors	\$2,617,000.00



OCTOBER

1908

A MONTHLY LIST OF
NEW BOOKS AND NEW
EDITIONS PUBLISHED BY
LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.,
91 AND 93 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

BOOKS PUBLISHED AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1908

MORAL INSTRUCTION AND TRAINING IN SCHOOLS

Report of An International Inquiry. In Two Volumes, Sold Separately.

Edited, on behalf of the Committee, by M. E. SADLER, Professor of the History and Administration of Education in the University of Manchester.

Vol. I: The United Kingdom. Crown 8vo. pp. lviii-538. \$1.50, *net*.

Vol. II: Foreign and Colonial. Crown 8vo. pp. xxviii-378. \$1.50, *net*.

This book is the outcome of an international inquiry conducted by a committee which was appointed at a large meeting held in London on February 5th, 1907, under the chairmanship of The Rt. Hon. James Bryce. The first volume deals with methods of moral instruction and training in elementary and secondary schools for boys and girls, including some of the great Public Schools, in Sunday Schools, in Adult Schools and in Training Colleges in the United Kingdom; the second, with the methods of moral instruction and training adopted in schools in France, Denmark, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, New South Wales, New Zealand and Japan. Among the contributors are the Headmaster of Eton, Professor Eucken of Jena, President Stanley Hall, Professor William James, Dr. Felix Adler, the Bishop of Birmingham, Monsieur Alfred Fouillée, Dr. Paton, Mr. Harold Johnson, Father Maher, S. J., Professors Muirhead, Adams and Findlay, Mr. Arnold Rowntree, Dr. F. H. Hayward, Mr. J. H. Bradley, Mrs. Bryant, Dr. Estlin Carpenter, Chancellor Bernard, Miss S. E. Wells, Miss Alice Ravenhill, Miss Jourdain, Mr. F. J. Gould, Mr. Gustav Spiller, Mr. Percival Chubb, Principal Baldwin of Hyannis, Mass., Baron Kikuchi, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M. P., and Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M. P. The volumes have been edited by Professor M. E. Sadler, who contributes an introduction.

* * A descriptive circular of the work may be had on application.

ELECTRIC FURNACES: the Production of Heat from Electrical Energy and the Construction of Electric Furnaces.

By WILHELM BORCHERS, Privy Councillor, Doctor of Philosophy, Professor of Metallurgy and Director of the Institute of Mines and Electro-Metallurgy at the Royal Technical College, Aachen. Translated by HENRY G. SOLOMON, A.M.I.E.E. Consulting Electrical Engineer. With 282 Illustrations. 8vo. pp. x-224. \$2.50 *net*.

MODERN PRACTICE IN MINING. For the use of Mining Students, Prospectors, Colliery Managers, and others.

By R. A. S. REDMAYNE, M.Sc., M.Inst.M.E., F.G.S., His Majesty's Inspector of Mines, late Professor of Mining in the University of Birmingham.

Vol. I—Coal: Its Occurrence, Value, and Methods of Boring, etc. 8vo. pp. xvi-199. \$2.00 *net*.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.'S MONTHLY LIST

BOOKS PUBLISHED AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1908—Cont'd

FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R. M.

By E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," etc. With 35 Illustrations by E. CE. SOMERVILLE. Crown 8vo. pp. viii-315. \$1.50.

These humorous stories of Irish country life—particularly of fox-hunting—are told in the first person by a "Resident Magistrate," and are in continuation of the authors' former book entitled "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."

ACTUAL GOVERNMENT AS APPLIED UNDER AMERICAN CONDITIONS.

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, LL.D., Professor of History in Harvard University. Author of "Formation of the Union;" "Studies in American Education," etc. [AMERICAN CITIZEN SERIES]. *New and Revised Edition*. With Colored Maps and other Illustrations and Diagrams. Crown 8vo. pp. xlv-599. \$2.25†

COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC.

By CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS, A.M., Head of the English Department in the Newton (Mass.) High School; formerly of Shortridge High School, Indianapolis; and WILL DAVID HOWE, Ph.D., Head of the English Department in Indiana University. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. pp. viii-509. \$1.20*

DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS.

By DANIEL A. MURRAY, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins), Professor of Applied Mathematics in McGill University, Montreal. 8vo. pp. xviii-491. \$2.00*

The desire expressed by professors in engineering colleges, and others, for additional matter specially helpful to engineering students in calculus has prompted the publication of this book. For the most part it is a re-arrangement of Dr. Murray's "Infinitesimal Calculus" with the addition of the matter referred to above. As the title indicates, the Differential Calculus is separated from the Integral Calculus.

Those who prefer the arrangement of the "Infinitesimal Calculus" will find that book available as heretofore.

HINTS FOR CRYSTAL DRAWING.

By MARGARET REEKS. With Preface by JOHN W. EVANS, LL.B., D.Sc., F.G.S., Mineralogist to the Scientific and Technical Department of the Imperial Institute. With 44 Plates of Illustrations by the Author. 8vo. pp. xx-148. \$1.10, net.

The accurate representation of geometrical relations in three dimensions is always a matter of difficulty, especially with the forms of crystals. The object of this book is to assist the elementary student of mineralogy in making drawings of crystal forms and combinations, merely solution of graphical problems being attempted. A knowledge of the classification of crystals, and of geometrical projection, is assumed.

LABORATORY ARTS: a Teacher's Handbook Dealing with Materials and Tools used in the Repair, Adjustment, and Construction of Scientific Apparatus.

By GEORGE H. WOOLLATT, Ph.D., F.I.C., Principal of the Municipal School, Portadown; Professor of Laboratory Arts, Summer Courses for Science Teachers, Ireland. With 119 Diagrams. Crown 8vo. p. xvi-192. \$1.00 net.

Sufficient information and instruction are contained in the book to enable a teacher not only to acquire skill in repair and adjustment, but to turn it to account in the making of simple laboratory apparatus, and in the construction of new forms of apparatus and teaching devices. All teachers know the difficulty of finding interesting exercises in manual work for boys, and simple apparatus lends itself remarkably well to this end.

ELEMENTARY APPLIED MECHANICS (Statics). Introducing the Unitary System.

By ALEXANDER NORWELL, B.Sc., C.E., Principal of Greenock Technical School and Watt Memorial Engineering and Navigation College. Crown 8vo. pp. xiv-242. \$0.90*

BALL GAMES AND BREATHING EXERCISES.

By ALICE R. JAMES. Crown 8vo pp. 61. \$0.40*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.'S MONTHLY LIST

BOOKS PUBLISHED AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1908—Cont'd

APPLIED PHYSIOLOGY. A Handbook for Medical Students.

By ROBERT HUTCHISON, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the London Hospital, late Demonstrator of Physiology, London Hospital Medical College; Author of "Food and the Principles of Dietetics," etc. With 3 colored Plates and 18 Figures. Crown 8vo. pp. xii-298. \$2.00 *net*.

THE BONE MARROW. A Cytological Study, Forming an Introduction to the Normal and Pathological Histology of the Tissue, more especially with regard to Blood Formation, Blood Destruction, etc., together with a short account of the Tissue in Disease.

By W. E. CARNEGIE DICKSON, M.D., B.Sc. Edin., F.R.C.P. Edin. Lecturer on Pathological Bacteriology and Senior Assistant to the Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh. With 12 Plates and 51 Microscopical Photographs by RICHARD MUIR. 4to. pp. xii-160. \$12.00 *net*.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE.

Vol. I. No. 9. Large square 8vo. \$2.00**

The "Proceedings" are published monthly from November to July inclusive. The price of each monthly number is \$2.00 postpaid. Annual subscriptions, \$16.00.

MEDIEVALISM. A Reply to Cardinal Mercier.

By GEORGE TYRRELL, Author of "Hard Sayings," "Oil and Wine," "Through Scylla and Charybdis," etc. Crown 8vo. pp. viii-211. \$1.25, *net*.

In the Lenten Pastoral (1908) issued by Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, Mr. Tyrrell was specially mentioned by name as the most typical embodiment of the Modernism which it was the Cardinal's special object to denounce. In this book Mr. Tyrrell criticises the position taken up by the Cardinal and replies to his strictures.

ALCUIN CLUB COLLECTIONS XII

PONTIFICAL SERVICES.

Vol. IV. Illustrated from Woodcuts of the XVI Century. With Descriptive Notes by ATHELSTAN RILEY, M.A. Royal 8vo. \$6.00 *net*.

THE KEY TO THE WORLD'S PROGRESS. Being Some Account of the Historical Significance of the Catholic Church.

By CHARLES STANTON DEVAS, M.A. Oxon. Sometime Examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. *New Edition.* Crown 8vo. Paper covers. pp. x-85. \$0.20.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE LIFE OF HENRY IRVING.

By AUSTIN BRERETON. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo.

[*Nearly Ready*]

This will be the authoritative biography of the great actor-manager and the complete story of the life of Sir Henry Irving. It tells the history of his career from his birth to his death, and it contains a large amount of material which will be entirely new to the public. Of that material some was supplied to the author by Sir Henry himself, and much of it is taken from original documents—formerly the personal property of the actor—which have lately come into the possession of Mr. Brereton, who, in 1883, wrote the first biographical book on Irving, and, in 1903, the History of the Lyceum Theatre for both of which he had the approval and assistance of Irving. Mr. Brereton was an intimate personal friend of the actor of long standing, more especially during the last nine years of his life. As a critic, Mr. Brereton witnessed Irving's impersonations for over a quarter of a century, and in many places other than London. He was present in New York, in 1883, when Henry Irving began the first of his eight tours of America, and again, in 1893, when Irving first played Becket here. The numerous illustrations include a fine, and hitherto unpublished, photograph of Sir Henry Irving, taken shortly before his death.

OLD AND ODD MEMORIES.

By Hon. LIONEL TOLLEMACHE. With Portraits. 8vo. \$3.50, *net*.

[*Immediately*]

A collection of reminiscences which extend over half a century. They include, mostly in anecdotal form, life-like portraits of the author's father, the first Baron Tollemache (another Coke of Norfolk, but with more eccentricities), and of Dr. Vaughan of Harrow. The author's years at Harrow, of which he records his memories were from 1850 to 1856 and those at Oxford from 1856 to 1860. The book contains besides, a number of stories, now for the first time given to the public, of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Mount Temple, Fitz-James Stephen, to take but a few names at random.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—Continued

THE JOURNAL OF ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND (1770-1845).

Edited by the EARL OF ILCHESTER. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. [In the Press]

HISTORICAL LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF SCOTTISH CATHOLICS, 1625-1793.

By the Rev. W. FORBES-LEITH, S.J. Two volumes. Medium. 8vo. With Illustrations. [In the Press]

The research work of Father Forbes-Leith, for an earlier period of this history, is already widely known. Following the same line he has again gone to first-hand sources for his historical material, and has discovered at Stonyhurst, Blairs, and in other ancient Catholic archives, a number of inedited papers of considerable importance, comprising, for instance, the reports of the chaplains to the Highlanders who fought under Montrose. It is hoped, therefore, that his book will be found to have not only the charm of original memoirs, but also the permanent value of genuine history.

MEMORIALS OF TWO SISTERS: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth.

Edited by their niece, MARGARET J. SHAEN. With 2 Photogravure Portraits. 8vo. pp. xvi-341. \$3.50 net. [Ready]

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, THE KING'S ADVOCATE (Bluidy Mackenzie), 1636-1691.

By ANDREW LANG. With Portraits. [In the Press]

This is a Life of the celebrated "persecutor" and friend of Claverhouse—"that noble wit of Scotland," as Dryden styled him. Many unpublished political letters of Mackenzie have been consulted, and an account is given of his novel, "Aretina," his poems, and his historical, political, poetical, religious, and legal writings. Mackenzie was the first, and perhaps the last, Jacobite Socialist.

HENRY STUART, CARDINAL OF YORK, AND HIS TIMES.

By ALICE SHIELD, joint Author (with Mr. ANDREW LANG) of "The King Over the Water." With Preface by ANDREW LANG, and Portraits. 8vo. [In the Press]

MADAME ELIZABETH DE FRANCE 1764-1793. A Memoir.

By the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT. Author of "Joan of Arc," "Abbotsford and its Treasures," etc. With a fine series of Photogravure Portraits. 8vo. \$3.50, net. [Shortly]

THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST OF THE CAUCASUS.

By J. F. BADDELEY. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. [In the Press]

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS.

Edited by EDGAR SYERS. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF LYTON, and contributions from experts in various branches of sport. With many original Illustrations. 8vo. \$4.20 net. [Nearly Ready]

Every winter more and more visitors are attracted to Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Scandinavia, to take part in the various winter sports of which this book is the first and only comprehensive account in English. Each sport is dealt with separately by an expert. Thus, Mr. and Mrs. Syers write on Skating, Mr. C. Knapp on Tobogganing, Mr. E. Wroughton on Ski-running, Mr. Bertram Smith on Curling, Mr. E. Mavrogordato on Bandy, and Mr. Ernest Law on Valsing on Ice. The various chapters give instructions in practice, rules, records, and exploits, as well as useful information as to hotels, hours of sunshine, the size and number of rinks, and competitions open to visitors at the different centres. It should be of interest not only to experts in the various sports, but to the far larger class of holiday-makers who engage in them as a pastime.

IN SEARCH OF A POLAR CONTINENT.

By ALFRED H. HARRISON, F.R.G.S. Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author in the Arctic Regions, and a Map. 8vo. \$3.50 net. [Immediately]

Mr. Harrison's object was to explore the unknown region off the North American Coast of the Arctic Ocean, but he first travelled 1,800 miles by waterway through Northern Canada, till he arrived at the delta of the Mackenzie River. There he was frozen in and delayed for three months. He then continued his journey to the Arctic Ocean with dogs, but was obliged to abandon his supplies. He hoped to obtain provisions at Herschel Island, but being disappointed in this, he went into the mountains and spent two months with the Eskimo, whose manners and customs he describes. He next returned to Herschel Island and made a voyage to Banks Land in a steam whaler. There, too, the failure of an expected tender to arrive from San Francisco again defeated his hopes of procuring supplies. Consequently he once more threw in his lot with the Eskimo, between the Mackenzie Delta and Liverpool Bay, and spent a year among them.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—Continued

ON SAFARI. Big Game Hunting in British East Africa, with Studies in Bird Life.

By ABEL CHAPMAN, F.Z.S., Author of "Wild Norway," "Bird Life on the Borders," "Wild Spain," etc. With about 200 Illustrations by the Author and E. CALDWELL. 8vo. [Shortly]

The author of this book is a well-known ornithologist, as well as a mighty hunter and traveler. He takes us "on safari" (i. e. on trek) through a new African region—a creation of yesterday. Imperially speaking, since British East Africa only sprang into existence during the current decade on the opening of the Uganda Railway. "The New Colony," he says, "six times greater in area than the Mother Land, is an imperial asset of as yet unmeasured possibilities, consisting, to-day, largely of virgin hunting grounds, unsurpassed on earth for the variety of their wild fauna, yet all but unknown save to a handful of pioneers and big-game hunters."

ANGLING AND ART IN SCOTLAND. Some Fishing Experiences Related and Illustrated.

By ERNEST E. BRIGGS, R. I. With 32 Colored Plates and other Illustrations. 4to. [In the Press]

"Although this book is entitled 'Angling and Art in Scotland' it must not be thought that it is in any way a treatise upon painting. A parallel is drawn between the art of the Angler and that of the landscape painter which is, to my mind, very real and ever-present; but there as far as the writing of the book goes, the matter ends; for I have devoted my space to the narration of certain angling experiences and descriptions of scenery which, I hope, may be of interest not only to the angler but to the general reader, and have left my pictures to speak for themselves as illustrative of the kindred art of landscape painting."—Preface.

LIFE AND SPORT IN HAMPSHIRE.

By G. A. B. DEWAR. With 2 Illustrations in Color by ARCHIBALD THORBURN and several from Photographs. 8vo. [In the Press]

THOMAS KEN AND IZAAK WALTON: a Sketch of their Lives and Family Connection.

By E. MARSTON (The Amateur Angler). With numerous Full-page Illustrations and 60 Vignettes in the Text. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net. [Ready]

WOODSMEN OF THE WEST.

By M. ALLERDALE GRAINGER. With Illustrations. 8vo. \$2.50. [Shortly]

*.*This is a personal narrative of "logging" in British Columbia.

CHRONICLES OF SERVICE LIFE IN MALTA.

By Mrs. ARTHUR STUART. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. \$2.00. [Nearly Ready]

This is a volume of stories and sketches of naval and military society, written by the wife of an English officer stationed in Malta at various periods. The volume is illustrated with reproductions of four drawings by Paul Hardy.

IN OLD CEYLON.

By REGINALD FARRER. Author of "The Garden of Asia." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. \$4.00. [Nearly Ready]

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL ESSAYS.

By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. 8vo. \$3.50 net. [Ready]

CONTENTS:—Thoughts on History—The Political Value of History—The Empire: its Value and its Growth—Ireland in the Light of History—Formative Influences—Carlyle's Message to His Age—Israel among the Nations—Madame de Staël—The Private Correspondence of Sir Robert Peel—Edward Henry, Fifteenth Earl of Derby—Henry Reeve, C.B., F.S.A., D.C.L.—Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. A Biographical Sketch by his son, Arthur Milman, M.A., LL.D. London: 1900—Queen Victoria as a Moral Force—Old-age Pensions.

ALPINES AND BOG-PLANTS.

By REGINALD FARRER. Author of "My Rock Garden," etc. With Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo. \$2.50. [Nearly Ready]

Like most hobbies, rock-gardening provides an endless topic of interest for its devotees, and the lore of the subject is inexhaustible. Some idea of the scope of the present volume may be gained from the list of chapters, which is as follows: 1. Of Shrubs and their Placing. 2. Of Shrubs, Mostly Evergreen. 3. Ranunculaceæ Papaveraceæ, Cruciferae. 4. A Collecting Day above Arolla. 5. Between Dianthus and Epilobium. 6. From Epilobium through Umbelliferae and Compositæ. 7. Of Odd Treasures. 8. The Big Bogs and its Lilies. 9. The Greater Bog Plants. 10. Iris. 11. The Mountain Bog. 12. More of the Smaller Bog Plants. 13. The Water Garden.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—Continued

SCOTTISH GARDENS.

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart. Illustrated in color by MARY W. G. WILSON, Member of the Society of Scottish Artists. With 32 Full-page Colored Plates. Small 4to. \$6.00, *net*. [Nearly Ready]

This work is the outcome of a desire to produce a volume worthy in every respect of the beautiful gardens of Scotland. Sir Herbert Maxwell, whose knowledge of the subject is probably unique, is personally acquainted with the places described.

One of the objects of the work is to dispel certain popular fallacies as to the rigors of the Scottish climate. Its chief aim, however, is to provide a typical selection of Scottish garden scenes representing all styles and all scales.

PAINTING IN THE FAR EAST. An Introduction to the History of Pictorial Art in Asia, especially China and Japan.

By LAWRENCE BINYON. With 40 Full-page Illustrations in Collotype from Original Chinese and Japanese Pictures. Crown 4to. \$6.00, *net*. [Nearly Ready]

"For a basis of study of Eastern art," writes Mr. Binyon, "the public at present has nothing but a few general misconceptions." He therefore puts forward his volume with the modest hope that it "may not be thought too presumptuous an attempt to survey the achievement and to interpret the aims of Oriental painting and to appreciate it from the standpoint of a European in relation to the rest of the world's art. It is the general student and lover of painting," he continues, "whom I have wished to interest." Besides its stimulating artistic criticism, the book is full of interesting glimpses of Eastern history and thought, in so far as they have affected art, as well as biographical sketches of Eastern painters.

NEW LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY.

By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc., M.R.I.A., Hon. Secretary of the Dublin Section of the Society for Physical Research; Author of "Two New Worlds," "The Electron Theory," etc. [In the Press]

In this volume the new data accumulated by recent physical and biological investigations, on the one hand, and psychical research on the other, are brought to bear upon the question of human survival after death.

LEADERSHIP. Being the William Belden Noble Lectures Delivered at Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, December, 1907.

By the Right Rev. CHARLES H. BRENT, Bishop of the Philippine Islands. Crown 8vo. \$1.25 *net*; postage additional. [Immediately]

CONTENTS:—Introductory—The Metaphysic of Leadership—The Power of the Single Motive—The Power of the Human Will—The Power of the Blameless Life—The Power of Fellowship with the Divine—The Representative Leader of Men—Notes.

TO KNOW AND BELIEVE. Studies in the Apostles' Creed.

By JOHN MCGAW FOSTER, Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Boston. Author of "The White Stone." Small Crown 8vo. [Immediately]

CONTENTS:—Doctrine and Life—Our Belief in God—God the Father—The Son of God—The Story of the Cross—Christ the Way—The Supreme Sacrifice—Paradise—The Supreme Miracle—The Ascended Lord—The Judge—The Holy Spirit—The Spirit in the Church—The Boundless Future.

ALTAR DEVOTIONS. A Manual of Self-Examination, Prayer and Praise for the Blessed Sacrament.

Compiled by the Rev. C. ERNEST SMITH, D.D., D.C.L., Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Washington, D. C. Author of "Readings and Prayers for a Communicants' Class," "The Old Church in the New Land," etc. 16mo. \$0.50 *net*; postage additional. [Immediately]

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH IN COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL: a Series of Notes. Two Vols.

By HENRY MARTYN SANDERS, M.A., Sometime Scholar of Queens' College, Cambridge, Vicar of St. John's, Highbury, N.

Vol. I.—Advent to Whit Sunday. Crown 8vo. pp. xii+244, \$1.20 *net*. [Ready]
Vol. II.—The Trinity Season. [In the Press]

THE VISION OF UNITY.

By J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Crown 8vo. pp. xvi+61. \$0.50; paper covers, \$0.25.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—Continued

MR. LANG'S CHRISTMAS BOOK—UNIFORM WITH FAIRY SERIES.

THE BOOK OF PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

By Mrs. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 8 Colored Plates and numerous other Illustrations by H. J. FORD. Crown 8vo. Gilt edges.

[Nearly Ready]

This is a volume on the lines of "The True Story Book" and "The Red True Story Book," but all the Stories deal with more or less well-known Historical Characters.

The following will be the contents:—His Majesty the King of Rome—Napoleon—The Princess Jeanne—Hacon the King—Mi Reina! Mi Reina!—Henriette, the Siege Baby—The Red Rose—The White Rose—Richard the Fearless—Frederick and Wilhelmine—Une Reine Malheureuse—The "Little Queen"—Two Little Girls and their Mother.

PEEP-IN-THE-WORLD. A Story for Children.

By Mrs. F. E. CRICHTON. Illustrated. Crown 8vo.

The story tells of a little girl who visits her uncle in Germany and spends a year in an old castle on the borders of a forest. There she finds everything new and delightful. She makes friends with a dwarf cobbler, who lives alone in a hut in the forest and knows the speech of animals and birds. Knut, the cobbler, is something of a hermit and a misanthrope, but he is conquered by Peep-in-the-World, whom he eventually admits to the League of Forest Friends. She wants him to teach her how to talk to the wild things of the woods, and though she has to leave Germany without learning the secret, she gains a growing sense of the magic power of sympathy and kindness.

NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLLIWOGG" SERIES.

THE ADVENTURES OF BORBEE AND THE WISP. A Fairy Story.

By FLORENCE K. UPTON.

With 32 Colored Illustrations by the Author. Small 4to. \$1.50, net.

[Nearly Ready]

LITTLE MISS QUIXOTE. A Story for Girls.

By ROBERT HAYMES and DOROTHY ROSE. With 8 Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR. Crown 8vo. pp. x-242. \$1.50.

[Ready]

THE MISTRESS ART.

By REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A., Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy. Author of "A History of Renaissance Architecture in England." Crown 8vo. \$1.40, net.

[Nearly Ready]

The author of this book, who speaks, as it were, *ex cathedra*, has here collected a series of eight lectures on architecture delivered in the Royal Academy. In them he has endeavored to establish a standpoint from which architecture should be studied and practiced. The first four lectures deal with the study of architecture—its relation to personal temperament, its appeal to the emotions and its limitations. In the last four devoted to "The Grand Manner," the writer has illustrated his conception of the aims and ideas of architecture by reference to great examples of the art in the past.

KNOWN TO THE POLICE. Memories of a Police Court Missionary.

By THOMAS HOLMES, Author of "Pictures and Problems of London Police Courts." 8vo.

[Nearly Ready]

NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WALFORD.

LEONORA STUBBS.

By L. B. WALFORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," "Lady Marget," etc. Crown 8vo.

[Nearly Ready]

PESTALOZZI: An Account of His Life and Work.

By H. HOLMAN, M.A. (Cantab), Formerly Professor of Education in the University College of Wales. With 4 Illustrations and Diagrams in the Text. Crown 8vo. pp. viii-322. \$1.10 net.

[Ready]

ANALYSIS OF THE EVOLUTION OF MUSICAL FORM.

By MARGARET H. GLYN, Author of "The Rhythmic Conception of Music," etc. Crown 8vo.

[In the Press]

THE BODY AT WORK.

By Dr. ALEXANDER HILL, recently Master of Downing College, Cambridge. Author of "An Introduction to Science," "The Physiologists' Note-book," etc. With Illustrations. 8vo., about 500 pages.

[November]

This is a book for the non-professional reader, and does not assume any technical knowledge. Dr. Hill describes the phenomena of life, their interdependence and causes, in language intelligible to people of general education.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—Continued

AN ELEMENTARY MANUAL OF RADIO-TELEGRAPHY and Radio-Telephony for Students and Operators.

By J. A. FLEMING, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., author of "The Principles of Electric Wave Telegraphy," etc. With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. 8vo.

[Shortly]

DESIGN IN NATURE: Illustrated by Spiral and other arrangements in the Inorganic and Organic Kingdoms as Exemplified in Matter, Force, Life, Growth, Rhythms, etc., especially in Crystals, Plants and Animals.

By J. BELL PETTIGREW, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., late Chandos Professor of Medicine and Anatomy in the University of St. Andrews. With nearly 2,000 Illustrations, largely original and from nature. 3 vols. Medium 8vo.

[Nearly Ready]

THE HUMAN SPECIES: Its Specific Characteristics considered from the Standpoints of Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology.

By Dr. LUDWIG HOPF, of Stuttgart. Translated from the German. With 7 Plates and 217 Illustrations in the Text.

[In the Press]

THE ORIGIN OF VERTEBRATES.

By WALTER H. GASKELL, M.A., M.D. (Camb.), LL.D. (Edinburgh, and McGill University, Montreal), etc. With 160 Illustrations.

[In the Press]

This book is the outcome of twenty years' work. In it is put forth a theory of the Origin of Vertebrates, which is based upon two fundamental propositions, (1) that the essential factor for the upward evolution of all animals is growth of brain power. (2) that each higher group of animals has arisen from some member of the highest group evolved up to that time and not from a lower group.

All the evidence, whether anatomical, physiological, or paleontological, points to the conclusion that the vertebrates arose from the highest invertebrate group—the anthropods—which were the dominant race at the time when vertebrates first appeared.

VEGETARIAN COOKERY.

By FLORENCE A. GEORGE, Author of "King Edward's Cookery Book." Crown 8vo.

[Nearly Ready]

Some are vegetarians for conscience's sake, and others for the sake of their health. Miss George caters for both these classes in her new book; but she does not strictly exclude all animal food, since eggs, butter, milk, cream and cheese form a large part of her dishes. As far as possible, dietetic foods have been avoided in the recipes, as they are often difficult to procure. Every recipe given has been tested to ensure accuracy, and the simplest language is used in explaining what has to be done.

Monographs on Biochemistry.

Edited by R. H. ADERS PLIMMER, D.Sc., and F. GOWLAND HOPKINS, D.Sc., F.R.S.

The following volumes are in preparation:—

GENERAL ACCOUNT AND PRESENT POSITION OF BIOLOGICAL CHEMISTRY.

By F. GOWLAND HOPKINS, D.Sc., F.R.S.

THE NATURE OF ENZYME ACTION.

By W. M. BAYLISS, D.Sc., F.R.S.

CHEMICAL CONSTITUTION OF THE PROTEINS.

By R. H. ADERS PLIMMER, D.Sc.

GENERAL CHARACTERS OF THE PROTEINS.

By S. B. SCHRYVER, D.Sc., Ph.D.

CARBOHYDRATES: The Polysaccharides.

By ARTHUR R. LING, F.I.C.

CARBOHYDRATES: The Glucosides.

By E. FRANKLAND ARMSTRONG, D.Sc., Ph.D.

FATS.

By J. B. LEATHES, D.Sc.

In these volumes an attempt is being made to make the subject of Biochemistry more accessible by issuing a series of monographs upon the various chapters of the subject, each independent of and yet dependent upon the others, so that from time to time, as new material and the demand therefor necessitate, a new edition of each monograph can be issued without reissuing the whole series. The expenses of publication and the expense to the purchaser will thus be diminished, and by a moderate outlay it will be possible to obtain a full account of any particular subject, as nearly current as possible.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS of SEWANEE TENNESSEE

does plain printing of the more dignified kind, without needless ornament, brass-rule intricacies, or modern type fads. Anyone interested in this kind of printing is invited to write for prices, which will be found satisfactory to the informed and discriminating buyer of printed matter. THE PRESS prints books, periodicals and anything calling for the exercise of the printer's conscience, judgment and skill.

The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine "in little" devoted to Art and Literature. The second volume began with the July number, 1907. The same standard of excellence will be maintained. During the year the "Old Authors" series, including Malory, Cervantes, Boccaccio and Michelangelo, will be continued; a new series, "Old Wine to Drink," by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romantics, and Mr. Rose his criticism of art and artists; and a special number will be devoted to Dante.

Subscription, 50c a year;
Single numbers, 10c.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE



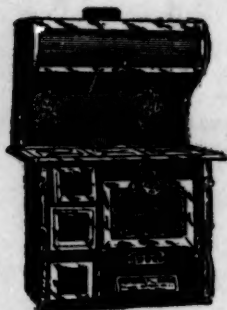
The Church Book Store

IS the place to purchase BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS and HYMNALS, from the very cheap ones, to leave in the pew, up to those in calf, morocco and seal. Also all books and literature required in either Church or Sunday-school work.

☞ Whenever you wish to procure books, no matter by whom or where published, or desire information concerning prices, editions, etc., write to

THOMAS WHITTAKER
2 and 3 Bible House, NEW YORK

High Living means, in reality, **Good Cooking**



Not every one can have the delicacies enjoyed by the royal blood, but all can have the wholesome, appetizing cooking of the famous

National Steel Range

Made with perfect heat circulation, it bakes evenly at top and bottom. Asbestos lined, it saves by direct comparative test, one-third in fuel. The handsomest range made, to our taste. Write for catalogue and prices.

Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co.

Manufacturing Housefurnishers

217-223 Third Ave. North

Nashville, Tennessee



COTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, New York

MAKERS OF

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

TO THE AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES
FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC

Correct Hoods for All Degrees. Class Contracts a Specialty

Our Sewanee Representative, MR. E. B. ANDREWS

The B. H. Stief Jewelry Co.

Official Jewelers to The University of the South

DIAMONDS AND RCH GOLD JEWELRY

Patek, Phillips & Co. and American Watches
Ecclesiastical, Fraternity Goods,
Sterling Silver Goods, Art Goods, and Cut Glass

Expert Repairing of Jewelry and Watches
All Work Warranted

Our mail Order Department is prepared to handle your business. Write for 96-page catalogue.

The **B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO.**

JAS. B. CARR, Pres. & Mgr.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Caps and Gowns



**Best Workmanship and Material
at Lowest Prices**

**Faculty Gowns, Hoods, Church
Vestments, Clerical
Clothing**

COX SONS & VINING

**262 Fourth Avenue
New York**

Represented by Mr. K. E. Taylor, Seawane, Tennessee

Henry Pilcher's Sons

Established 1832

BUILDERS OF

Pipe Organs

*With all Modern Accessories
of practical value*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

*Correspondence
Solicited*

Highest Award at World's Fair

V. B. TALBOT, President.
R. W. GREENFIELD, Vice Pres.
C. G. FINNEY, Treas. & Gen'l Mgr.

A. B. BATTLE, Secretary.
HARRY PARKER, 2d Vice Pres.
F. P. McDOWELL, Mgr. Factory.

The Leading Furniture House of the South

Greenfield-Talbot-Finney-Battle Company

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Furniture, Mattresses, Springs, etc.

209 THIRD AVENUE, NORTH
WAREHOUSE, CORNER FIRST AND MAIN
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FACTORY AND MILLS, TULLAHOMA AND SEWANEE, TENN.

Refers by Special Permission to The University of the South.

Harris Lithia Water

NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDY

**For Liver, Kidney, Stomach, Bladder Troubles
Indigestion and Dyspepsia**

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Harris Lithia Springs Company

HARRIS SPRINGS, S. C.

Medical testimony furnished on request
Hotel open June 15 to Sept. 15

SPURLOCK-NEAL CO.

Wholesale Druggists

Fine Chemicals, Domestic and Foreign Fancy Goods,
Druggists' Sundries, and Cigars

Manufacturers of

Pharmaceutical Preparations

214-216 Second Avenue, North
NASHVILLE, TENN.



Up-to-Date Liver Pills
Up-to-Date Liver Medicine and Sarsaparilla
Combined

Up-to-Date Worm Killer

Up-to-Date
Cough Remedy

Up-to-Date Eyewater

Up-to-Date Chill Tablets

Up-to-Date Liniment

Up-to-Date Salve

Up-to-Date
Chapped Hand Mixture

Up-to-Date
Diarrhea Remedy

They are Good! Try Them!

Stagmaler & Fletcher

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

K. B. C. Coffees

*Are Always
Uniform*

COFFEES

Teas, Baking Powders
Spices and
Flavoring Extracts

KORTEN BROTHERS CO.

56 and 58 LaSalle Street

CHICAGO

We make a specialty of supplying
large institutions,

Sandford Duncan

Real Estate, Rental and Loans

206 Union Street

Nashville, Tennessee

GALE & FRIZZELL

Fire and Tornado
Insurance

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Arthur Howard Moll

*The University of the South
Sewanee, Tenn.*

Agent for Sewanee Publications

*Fairbanks' History of
The University of the South, \$2.00*

*Bishop Quintard's Memoirs
of the War, new edition, \$1.00*

*Life of General Kirby-Smith
By mail, \$1.60*

*The Sewanee Review
Quarterly*

*Sets of the Review Bought and
Sold, etc., etc., etc,*

Some early issues of the Review are now rare and valuable. It will pay to look up and see what you have, and report to the above named.

FRED C. DORIDER

WILL M. SIDEBOTTOM

Catering for Wedding Parties and Receptions

Telephone 427

DORIDER & SIDEBOTTOM Ladies' and Gents' Restaurant

Fancy Bakery, Ice Cream Parlor, and Confectionery.
Manufacturers of Dorider & Sidebottom's Celebrated
Ice Cream and Sherbet.

513 Church St. (near McKendree Church), Nashville, Tenn.

The Castner-Knott

Dry Goods Company

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE
AND RETAIL DEALERS

Dry Goods and Notions

Shoes, Cloaks, Carpets,
Upholstery, Men's Furnishings,
Millinery, Dressmaking,
China and Glassware,
Books, etc., etc.



Mailing Department a Specialty

Samples Freely Sent on Application



618, 620 and 622 Church St., Cor. Seventh Ave.
Nashville, Tennessee

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

QUARTERLY



THIS REVIEW has completed its fifteenth year and celebrated its anniversary. It is devoted to reviews of leading books and to papers on such topics of general literature as require fuller treatment than they receive in popular magazines and less technical treatment than they receive in specialist publications. In other words, the REVIEW conforms more nearly to the type of the English Reviews than is usual with American periodicals.

Intending contributors and publishers desiring to have their important books reviewed will address as indicated below. Where the return of an article is desired, stamps should be inclosed. In all cases the full name of the contributor must be given.

Each number consists of 128 large octavo pages, printed on heavy paper. The dates of issue are January, April, July, and October of each year. Subscription price, \$2 a year in advance. Single numbers, 50 cents each.

Suitable advertisements are inserted at the following rates:

	One Time	Two Times	Three Times	Four Times
One Page	\$16 00	\$30 00	\$40 00	\$50 00
Half Page	8 00	15 00	20 00	25 00
Quarter Page	4 00	8 00	12 00	15 00
Eighth Page	2 00	4 00	6 00	8 00

Address all communications to

THE SEWANEE REVIEW,

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

THE
BANK OF SEWANEE

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

Established March, 1907



Depository for The University of the South

Regular Correspondents:
American National Bank of Nashville;
National Park Bank of New York

We solicit any account, no matter how small, and
guarantee prompt and careful attention

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, President

A. R. GRAY, Vice President

H. A. GREGORY, Cashier

